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The LAST HOP

By ...
**STANLEY
JACKSON**

THEY came out of the operations room in a bunch, chatting breezily but with a certain seriousness behind the gossip. The briefing had been clear.

"Berlin, to-night, gentlemen," said the group captain. "The first squadron will prang the Ost Kreuz station here." His finger pointed to a patch on the chart. "Don't stay long over the target. As soon as the fires are going nicely the next crowd will paste this group of factories." He flashed them a twinkling grin. "I imagine the Hun will have a reception committee and it's up to you to shake him up nicely. The Berliners haven't had any excitement for months." He waved a hand. "Well, good shooting."

In the mess they threw themselves into easy chairs and lit cigarettes. Conway stretched himself lazily. He was a square-built man of middle height, with fair hair and a heavy flaxen moustache.

"Just a piece of cake," he said airily. "Anyway, it's a wonderful change from Brest. I know every flak gunner's face in that place. I think." He got up and yawned. "I'd better ring my blonde. She'll be wild. I'd promised to give her food and a dance to-night."

The others laughed. Squadron-Leader Conway was "a good type"

and almost a veteran. They all knew that this was his last trip before going off ops. He'd made many raids, including some of the biggest on Lorient and Brest. All those hours on ops. without a scratch. No wonder the young sprogs all worshipped him!

Dixon, the intelligence officer, was frowning as he pretended to thumb an illustrated magazine. His lips tightened as Conway went out of the room to telephone. He thought of Joyce bared to tears in the flat while her husband chased round the West End with blondes. Well, thank heaven, it was nearly over and a happy landing in view.

It wasn't jealousy that made him hate Conway, he told himself. There was a good deal he could admire in the fellow. Squadron-Leader at 23, D.S.O., D.F.C., and that other gong which the Poles had given him only last week. Nobody could deny that

he was a fine pilot and a really brilliant leader. It was hard to believe that in '39 he was clerking in a bank, while Joyce was doing secretarial work in the City to help make ends meet!

Yes, Conway had gone ahead since then. The newspapers and newsreel people always singled him out for publicity. Perhaps that was the trouble; perhaps that explained why he drank so much and chased the blondes.

The greenish Stirlings stood waiting on the tarmac, thirty-two-ton monsters with four powerful engines and 60,000 parts geared for action. The ground crews were running them over with loving fingers. Berlin! The station had been waiting for this day a long, long time.

Conway had made his phone call and was staring out of the window.

"Looks like a bit of mist coming up," he murmured. "That would brass me off altogether. Couldn't bear to have this op scrubbed."

"It'll be all right," said Dixon, trying hard to be polite. "Why don't you grab some shut-eye and forget the weather?"

"Good scheme," agreed the squadron-leader. "See you later."

Dixon rolled himself a cigarette. He thought about all that had happened since he'd come to this station. How he and Joyce Conway had met and been instantly attracted to each other; the way she looked hurt when Conway was a bit merry; the inevitable drifting.

They were made for one another, Dixon told himself fiercely. She was intelligent, eager for travel. Charles Dixon, the brilliant young playwright, could give her a lot of fun when this show was over. What-ever happened, she couldn't go back to her husband; he had hurt her too much for that.

The rain was drying on the tarmac, but little spurts of water shot up as the Stirlings taxied away. Conway stroked his moustache with a gloved hand as the dark earth skidded away under the wheels. He felt utterly brassed off. It was hard to believe that this was the last time he'd be piloting "S. for Susie." After this show he'd be a back number, condemned to some miserable training station.

Retired at twenty-five, he thought gloomily. Still, the authorities said so many operational trips, and one couldn't fight regulations.

It was getting dark and colder. Another thousand miles to go before they'd be back on the station. He passed the controls over to his "dicky," a young Australian with reddish hair.

Gradually all his gloom trickled away. After all, it was marvel-

lous luck being given this Berlin show for a curtain number.

They were over Germany now, and the flak began to increase. Once or twice a thick searchlight stubbed the dark. Conway was back at the controls, grinning like a schoolboy. Not quite there yet. The Stirling rocked as she was caught in a beam. Tracer peppered the fuselage and ripped through the nose. A shell hit the starboard wing, and "S. for Susie" tottered like a drunk.

Conway put Susie into a turn, and came down a couple of thousand feet while the searchlights poked desperately in the dark.

"Bomb doors open," he called.

"Bomb doors open," echoed the almer-observer.

A night fighter was coming up astern. They'd have to move quickly.

"Over target now," chanted the observer.

There was a dull wham, followed by a great sheet of fire. The Ost Kreuz railway station put out its tongue of fire and they could see miles of railway lines flush crimson in that naked light.

"Bomb doors closed," said Conway. "Jolly good show!"

They began to climb, but slowly. Something wrong with the air-screw, Conway was thinking, when a shell clipped a chunk out of the front window. The observer had got his. The whole sky was now popping with shellbursts as Susie struggled to make height.

"Hold tight," shouted Conway. But the inter-comm. was dead.

Susie was losing height and rocking like a blanchmange. He tried to pull out of the dive and saw that his speed was down to 115. He took a quick look at his "dicky" and saw that the poor chap had stopped one. A dark patch showed through his suit, just below the right shoulder.

"Hang on," shouted Conway.

Somehow he managed to pull out and an aircrew began to feather. They were over the sea now at about 400 feet and the aircraft seemed to flop like a wounded porpoise. A faint buzz came through the inter-comm. Slowly it formed itself into words.

"Are you all right, sir?" queried the rear-gunner. "I tried to contact you not long ago. We got that F.W. 190 all right."

"Good show," said Conway casually. It was a miracle that they had downed a fighter without any help from the pilot or navigator. "Give me a hand out here with Thompson," he went on. "He stopped

"Looks like a bit of mist coming up," said Conway, staring out the window.

one just as we left the target area."

The gunner wormed his way inwards with the first-aid kit. "I'll give him a shot, sir," he suggested. Conway nodded but looked worried. The way the kite was behaving they'd be lucky to get Thompson back alive. They had just crossed the coast of England at little over 200 feet and petrol was running low.

While the gunner was giving Thompson a carefully measured injection of morphia Conway called the navigator on the inter-comm. No answer. The gunner crawled through and was back inside two minutes.

Please turn to page 20



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3 AUG 10 43
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Free Haddon

SIR GEORGE FELLEW, Lieutenant-Colonel, appointed at his own request to Her Majesty's colonial forces at Sydney, had said good-bye to all of his numerous relatives and friends with the sole exception of his Aunt Sally. On the last afternoon he made his way to Willoughby Cottage for this purpose. He could not forget Aunt Sally!

Dear Aunt Sally and Willoughby Cottage! Willoughby Cottage and the moors, where he and Roger had hunted and played together as boys, Cousin Roger, who had got himself mixed up with smugglers and been transported to New South Wales, Sir George Fellew sighed. There had never been such a pal, such a fine comrade, as Roger; unless it were Aunt Sally herself.

Sir George spent a long afternoon with his Aunt Sally, and, as he rose to leave, the little lady lifted herself painfully on to one elbow.

"George . . . you'll remember poor Roger out there?"

Sir George turned back, his face earnest. "Aunt Sally, I'll find him, wherever he is, and I'll do my best to send him back to you."

The old lady sighed deeply. "I know you will, George!"

Even while Letitia moved to the polished floor upon his arm she was still racking her brains for a clue to her partner's identity. Nor was she alone in her bewilderment.

A dozen and more of the colony's fairest daughters had sighed and wondered over a pair of magnetic eyes that were all that was visible of the face beneath the full mask of the gay "Gentleman of the Road" wore; it being—so it seemed—his particular delight to accept the letter of the old Magistrate's decree that full masks were to be worn until midnight should strike.

My Lady looked upon her partner with something of hauteur. Was not this whole evening's entertainment convened in her honor? Surely she had some rights!

"Sir, is it right that a lady should dance for the fourth time and not know with whom she dances?"

She perceived laughter in his answering regard. "Is it not the decree of My Lord, our host, that we preserve our identity until the midnight hour?"

"My Lord's daughter commands you to ignore his decree! Would a gentleman hold over a lady the advantage of her name whilst retaining his own identity in obscurity?"

"Ah! Should I, then, plead that I am no gentleman?"

My Lady bit her lip vexedly. She must try another tack. During the whole evening she had preserved an air of knowledge before her mother and those of the other colonial daughters who had questioned her concerning the identity of the hand-



"Step down, me lady, step down," said the highwayman.

some highwayman who had paid her such open court. But that had been a mere pretext of self-defence. Who amongst all her male acquaintances could have played such a debonair part?

She reviewed them mentally for the tenth time that night. Not a young blood amongst them could have turned such pretty compliments or fenced so cleverly with her attempts to arrive at his identity. She tried again:

"What will my friends say, Sirrah, if upon unmasking you prove to be the stranger I am now constrained to think you are? Though, really, I was sure you were my friend, George Winterbottom, of Her Majesty's Guards, else—"

"George Winterbottom?" His eyes mocked her. "That clod!"

Her own eyes flashed. "Would you insult my friends?"

"A clod is a clod, My Lady; be he your friend or mine. All the good of this country springs from the earth, yet the earth can be dull and uninteresting."

"Indeed! I find Lieutenant Winterbottom most interesting!"

Those fine dark eyes challenged her so that a swift confusion brought her lashes sweeping downward. It almost seemed that the man knew of her recent dismissal of the young lieutenant.

"My friends are all known to you," she said, "yet not my father, who I presume is responsible for your presence, or my mother, or any of my friends can name you. How is it that you evade us all?"

"Is my disguise, then, so impenetrable?"

"It would seem so." A swift challenge rose in My Lady's eyes. "Should we know you, Sirrah?"

He evaded the direct question. "I am quite well known among your circle of acquaintance. My name is not unknown even to you."

"Then reveal it, Sir, else must I cut our engagements until the mid-

night hour when your mask will off!"

The highwayman sighed. "Then I am desolate, for we will dance no more!"

He paused a moment, then went on softly: "I shall not be here at the unmasking!"

She started. Not present at the unmasking? Then she would never know who it was that had made this whole evening pass like a wonderful dream!

The music ceased. He was leading her from the floor. She drew a little pencil and programme notebook from some mysterious place of concealment.

"Let me see . . . our next will be the minuet—was it not?"

But there were other eyes on the gallant highwayman, and the couple were destined not to dance their minuet.

There was a hint of malicious satisfaction in the dark eyes of Silas Wolff as he turned to address the old Magistrate who had come up to his side.

"I tell you it is he! None other but Jolly Roger Tremayne could have the consummate effrontery to appear here in his true guise. I shall confront him! The unmasking? Pshaw! Do you think he will wait for the unmasking?"

From the tail of his coat the young man drew a pistol, but the Magistrate gripped his arm.

"No . . . No! I'll have no scene here to-night, Wolff! Do you suggest that a—a bushranger could work his way through my cordon of servants, and without an invitation card? Do you think such a man would appear at a gathering that numbers hundreds of his sworn enemies? Egad, but you allow your

hatred on this fellow to become an obsession! He is a hundred miles away, and you'll but make a fool of yourself and of me if you rush out there with a pistol in your hand—"

But Wolff threw off the Magistrate's restraining hand. With swift steps he crossed the naked floor and halted before the highwayman. As though by magic a pistol appeared in his hand.

"Tremayne!" he cried in ringing tones. "Jolly Roger Tremayne, in the name of the Queen I call upon you to surrender! You may mask your face and act the gentleman, but I know you! Don't move, you ruffian; don't move!"

There was a short, dramatic silence, then a swift murmur of excitement. My Lady Letitia stood, back to the opposite wall, her face white and pained beneath her sketchy mask.

Of them all only the highwayman himself seemed to remain entirely calm.

"If Mr. Wolff would explain . . . ? As a practical joke, the display of

arms is not in the best of taste, considering the occasion . . . ?"

"No practical joke, Tremayne, as you will find to your cost if you so much as move a finger!" Wolff stepped forward warily, with the obvious intention of lifting the other's mask.

None could see exactly what happened. A pistol cracked sharply, the ball ploughing into the polished floor, and Silas Wolff fell heavily, his weapon slithering away to the feet of the grouped onlookers.

Please turn to page 4



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T

HE highwayman, had drawn back to the wall, his hand resting suggestively on the weapon that was now revealed above his sash. It was a weapon of such brilliant ornamentation as to command the eyes of all.

As the dancers would have fled in some panic through a rear door, the highwayman spoke commandingly: "I beg that you will be still!" He waited a moment for their attention. Only one had escaped. My Lady Letitia, familiar with the house, had slipped through a side door unseen.

"I must beg Mr. Wolff's pardon, but it was our host's decree that masks should be worn until the midnight hour, and I—" he paused slightly—"I cannot remain so long. I beg that you will remain still for three minutes, after which, if you are wise, you will continue your night's entertainment. Mr. Wolff, I bid you a very good evening, sir. May we meet again under—er—happier circumstances."

His hand was on the door knob. Magically the door opened behind him. With a sharp exclamation he leapt through the opening, his muscles braced for conflict. In an instant, then, his manner relaxed. He bowed with humble gratitude.

"My Lady..." he murmured. "Oh..." My Lady gasped. "You must fly!" she cried, pointing to the open glass doors. "Brown Bell is at the steps. She will fly like the wind."

But the highwayman seemed in no great hurry, although there was a growing furore in the room he had just left. He stepped nearer, caught her hand in his, and pressed his lips humbly upon her wrist. "I go, My Lady; but I shall return. Never fear..."

"Oh!" she murmured piteously, "if I knew... if I could see your face..."

With a fine gesture he threw the mask aside. She caught the tender smile hovering on a well-shaped mouth; read uncompromising purpose in the square, tight jaw; recognised a hint of dare-devilry in the

smooth, clean-shaven face, and intellect in the broad, strong brow. There was a moment in which to fix the picture of him in her memory; then the mask was back in place, and only the eyes still met hers warmly.

"Au revoir, My Lady," he whispered, and was gone.

A wan and weary figure, Letitia clung desperately to her seat as the west-bound coach at last attained the rim of the great Lapstone Pass and plunged wildly on into the rough mountain heights.

"You shall go to your Uncle Henry," her father had sternly decreed. "He will know how to stem this unmanly liking for a convict bushranger."

Her thoughts were not happy ones as the coach plunged on, jolting and swaying. She almost felt that it would be a relief if they were held up; particularly if... Her mind was playing idly with the thought of Jolly Roger Tremayne, and almost as she smiled with the thought of him there came a sharp interruption.

The coach plunged to a halt, and an uncouth voice rang out threateningly: "Stand—or I'll blow ye t' bits!"

There was a sharp oath from the driver and a swift scuffling beside him; then the sound of a shot, and a dull thud that seemed to come from the ground beside the coach. While Letitia crouched, rigid with horror, in her corner, the door was flung open and an evil face peered in at her.

Letitia could see the broad arrow and yellow background of the convict garb beneath the rough coat the man wore.

"Oh, ho! A fine bit 'v a filly, eh? An' all alone! Step down, me lady; step down. Dang me if I don't feel a bit like takin' ye along w' me. 'Twould be a rare bit o' sport. Maybe I better take ye t' the Cap'n, though. 'E might see a bag o' gold in ye. A rare one is the Cap'n at thinkin' o' things; though a bit squeamish like, when it comes t' blood an' a bit o' shootin'."

HE came closer, leering threateningly. "Don't ye tell the Cap'n wot appened 'ere," he warned harshly, his hand indicating the body of the guard where it lay at the front wheel. The girl saw it for the first time and felt suddenly faint.

"No!" she managed to gasp tremblingly. "No!" She found herself standing beside a saddled horse which the convict urged her to mount. Forced to ride ahead of him, and acutely conscious of the bestial face that menaced her from behind, she entered upon a journey that became a nightmare of horror.

As darkness fell they approached the mouth of a huge cavern that showed some evidence of human presence. Entering before her captor, Letitia could barely discern the figure of a man seated at a rude table that was set against an inner wall, deep within the shadows.

The convict spoke, his voice whining, ingratiating, now. "See wot I brought ye, Cap'n; not a speck o' gold aboard the 'ole coach, there weren't; only a fine bit 'v a filly. Maybe there's a bag o' gold in 'er, though. I—" He faltered and paused as the dim figure rose and came forward; warily, it seemed.

The convict seemed to sense the other's anger and commenced to whimper, his eyes falling to the floor, as the figure came further into the light. Letitia could recognise, first the jewelled pistol, and then the unmistakable features of the highwayman of her coming-of-age ball. She shuddered uncontrollably; and in that instant the convict unaccountably snatched at his pistol. The highwayman leaped with the speed of lightning and struck heavily with his first. The pistol exploded harmlessly and the convict fell headlong.

Letitia stared in fascinated horror, but the highwayman gave his adversary not a second glance. He was bowing with that grace so peculiarly his own.

"My Lady! I can scarce believe my eyes! You—of all people—here! With this scum, too—" He thrust the unconscious form aside.

Weariness and revulsion overcame Letitia. She was swaying on her feet. The man caught her swiftly in powerful arms as she would have

Free Pardon

Continued from page 3

fallen, and bore her to a rude bushman's couch.

Drawing water from a cask in the centre of the cave, the highwayman added something from a flask and gave it to her to drink. It seemed to bite at her throat, but brought immediate stimulation. The man was rummaging amongst boxes and bags, seeming to move with a shade of uncertainty. Presently a light flared up, coming from a crude form of fat flare, and Letitia saw that the table was set rudely for a meal.

Now the man was at her side. She could feel the power of his personality, and fought to resist it. His face grave, lacking the whimsicality of their first meeting, he spoke respectfully, even humbly. "My Lady, you must eat. The day must have been a trying one for you, but we have far to go ere morning, and you must keep up your strength."

While they ate, and at the highwayman's prompting, Letitia recounted unhappily the story of her banishment and capture. He received the tale in silence. When the meal was over he made to leave the cave and the girl started up in alarm.

"Oh, please—please don't leave me alone. I—"

"I but go to saddle the horses," the man said. "You may come with me if you wish." The girl went with him and stood uncertainly by until the horses were ready. At his direction she mounted, following wonderingly when he led off into the seemingly impenetrable scrub.

"Where—where are we going?" she asked doubtfully.

"Where? Egad, but you do ask some queer questions. My Lady! Where else would I be taking you but to your home?"

With the coming of the day they rode out on to the convict road above Penrith, and here the man paused. Drooping with fatigue, the girl hardly noticed that her horse had halted, also. Her head lifted a little, however, as the sound of stamping hoofs came faintly to her ears, together with the unmistakable clank of military accoutrements.

The highwayman was alert; poised for flight. He spoke with a swift return of his amused whimsicality.

"I must leave you, My Lady. Those who come hunting Jolly Roger Tremayne will mind you well. Speak to them as you will. I must ride hard to prepare a false scent." He bowed and would have left her, but Letitia checked him piteously.

"Ah, no; they will pardon you for my rescue. They must! I will see His Excellency myself. He must have mercy. But, yes—you must fly! I will keep my story for His Excellency alone. Then one day, when your pardon is granted—"

The highwayman finished her sentence for her, bending forward in whimsical tenderness to kiss the soft hand held out appealingly to him. "We will meet again, My Lady," he said, and was gone.

His Excellency was sympathetic. A pardon would certainly be granted, but—did not my lady know that the gentleman bushranger had been traced to the coast and was believed to have boarded ship for America?

Letitia fought hard to maintain her attitude of detached interest, but it was a sore blow to her that her highwayman should have reposed so little faith in her. America! And her parents were planning to marry her off to George Winterbottom!

Rebellion in her heart, Letitia brooded for two days, when came interruption. At three in the afternoon Letitia's father sat scowling at a short note received by messenger, mumbling as he read it:

"The Pelles of Surrey—fine family, too. Lieutenant-Colonel, Her Majesty's Colonial Guards... respects... your permission... pay my addresses... your daughter... Humph! Calling four o'clock in the afternoon. Ahem! Lavinia!"

His Lordship thrust the note before his wife's eyes.

"Sir George Pellet!" she exclaimed, almost unbelievably. "But where could he have met Letitia? He has attended only one function in Sydney since his arrival, and I remember that Letitia was not present."

"He must have seen her out driving," she decided. "How romantic! We must speak to Letitia. Fortunately, Lieutenant Winterbottom is not with her this afternoon."

S

o'clock, Letitia was summoned by her father to the drawing-room.

She went very reluctantly. Her eyes were demurely lowered as, in ceremonious tones, her father made introductions. "My dear, permit me to present to you Sir George Pellet, Sir George, my daughter—"

With a cold little smile on her lips, Letitia raised her eyes slowly. The smile froze swiftly on her lips. She forgot to curtsy.

"Sir George Pellet—I!" she faltered, in low, incredulous tones. "You—?"

"My Lady—" he murmured, and the voice was the same, as were the whimsical brown eyes and the firm, smiling lips.

Letitia's mother did not miss the significance of their mutual recognition. "Letitia—?" she commenced, inquiringly.

Sir George interrupted gently.

"You will remember, Madame, that I received an invitation to Miss Letitia's coming-of-age ball. You may not have known that I attended in the guise of a 'gentleman-of-the-road.' It had not been my intention to remain for the unmasking, so it was unfortunate that our mutual—ah—friend, Wolff, should have seen fit to associate me with the bushranger, Tremayne. It was really reprehensible in me to have made such a scene, but I am a man of some pride, and—"

He paused and shrugged lightly. "I am sure you will understand. Further, I may hope to be forgiven, I trust?"

Later, and alone with Letitia, he made further explanation.

"Roger Tremayne is my cousin," he said, "and a gentleman, as I live, but foully done by. I had arranged his passage to America, and sought his aid to acquaint him of my plans. I tremble to think what might have transpired had I not remained a while after Roger had gone."

"I sat planning a false scent when that brute brought you in, shocking and bewildering me so that I cannot regret the blow that I dealt him. So, you see, my Lady, it is all very simple."

"I see," my Lady commented, "that I have begged a pardon of His Excellency for a man I have never known and who performed for me no service at all—"

"A man who would not have done other than I did, my Lady, and who had much more to have lost should he have been caught."

"Then I shall take the word for the deed and say no more to His Excellency."

"And I, my Lady—am I to have my reward?" He leaned near, taking her hand possessively in his own.

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LADY IN HAZARD

Mystery deepens in this absorbing instalment of our Australian serial.

By
CAROLYN OGDEN

SHEILA HEYDON arrives at Red Shutters guest-house to meet her sister, MARGARET, who was to motor there. Margaret has not turned up, but OTTO VON GRAUPNER, dangerous German internee in whose office Margaret once worked, has escaped in the district. Sheila telephones Margaret's flat, but the charwoman tells her that her sister left for Red Shutters two days previously.

MR. FIELDING, proprietor of Red Shutters, and MRS. SHASTERS, housekeeper, try to reassure Sheila, while JOE DANVERS, aged odd-job man, puzzles her by declaring that he has seen her there before. She strikes up an acquaintance with the rest of the guests, among whom are KEN CUNNINGHAM, a cynical young man; MR. DASKEY, over-friendly and boresome; MILE MOREAU, a French refugee; and MR. FALWAY, with his beautiful niece, LORICE, who has just quarrelled with SQUADRON-LEADER GERALD DESMOND, an old friend of Cunningham.

The day after Sheila's arrival, neophytes, CORPORAL FRED TUCKER and his young wife, DAPHNE, come to Red Shutters in a car with their best man, SERGEANT BILL CARTER. Cunningham asks the sergeant whether they passed Margaret's yellow coupe on the trip from Sydney.

Now read on—

BEFORE Sergeant Carter could answer, the corporal and his bride reappeared from inside the house.

"Oh, come on, Bill," said Daphne impatiently. "We just got time for a spot before lunch. It isn't a bad dump at all."

"Half a mo," protested the sergeant. "I'm just getting the oil from my pal here, Mr.—what did you say the name is?"

"Cunningham."

"That's Scotch, isn't it?" inquired Daphne, brightly. "I knew some Cunninghams once, but you couldn't tell what they were saying, they were so broad. You wouldn't be any relation?"

"I scarcely think so," replied the unsmiling Cunningham. "I'm a bit narrow myself."

"Oh yeah!" Daphne's emphasis was strongly satirical.

"Half a mo," broke in the sergeant again. "Can't you wait till I've introduced you properly? Mr. Cunningham, meet Corporal Tucker and Miss Peters."

The corporal extended a powerful hand. His freckled face split in a cheerful grin.

"Pleased to meet you," declared Daphne. "All the same, get this straight. I'm Mrs. Tucker, since yesterday. People'll be thinking things, Bill."

"Sorry, I keep forgetting."

"I hope you'll be very happy," ventured Cunningham, feeling the occasion called for some remark. Mrs. Tucker thawed at once.

"Thank you," she said, adding, not without resignation. "They say it's a lottery. I hope it's all prizes, no blanks."

"Never mind that," interrupted Sergeant Carter. "You can argue that out in court some day. The point is, did either of you notice a yellow car—with a lady driving?"

"What sort of lady?" demanded Mrs. Tucker.

"A young lady."

"Where?" asked the corporal.

"On the road anywhere between here and Sydney."

"I didn't," said the sergeant. "It took me all my time to hold the bus on the road. You might have, Daph." He turned to Cunningham. "She saw von Graupner twenty times between here and Sydney."

"Billy!" said Daph. The sergeant subsided, and Mrs. Tucker turned her mind to Margaret.

"I don't quite remember passing her," she said, doubtfully.

"Passing her?" returned her husband. "When did we pass anybody? We couldn't have passed a dray on the down grade."

But Daph was not to be side-tracked. She went into the matter so thoroughly that soon Cunningham began to feel that the road from Sydney had been lined with a procession of girls driving yellow coupes.

"Is she blonde or brunette?" she inquired at last.

"Forget it, Daph," advised her husband. "She didn't see your girl friend, Mr. Cunningham. It's impossible. If you'd asked her if we'd struck the bunyip she'd tell you there was a couple in every creek we crossed."

"I suppose I can try to help?" cried Daph, shrilly.

"Wasn't much help when you thought the old boy in the lounge of that pub we went into was von Graupner just because he had a gold tooth."

"It might have been."

"Yeah, it might have been, only it happened to be a Mayor or something," said the sergeant. "Say, Mr. Cunningham, I'm going to unpack a bottle or two. Come on, Fred."

There was no refusing. The two soldiers clumped on ahead.

"Awful, aren't they?" said Daph. "Dreadful," agreed Cunningham, gravely. "I wonder you go about with them."

"How can I help it, seeing I married one of them. Is it lively here?"

"Depends on what you call lively. It isn't uproarious."

"What are the people like? Uppish lot?"

"I'm the only real snob," said Cunningham.

"You'll find the rest of them all right."

Daph looked at him with her head on one side.

"You're a bit of a character, aren't you?" she said at last. "You remind me of a comedian I used to know—I mean to say, he wasn't a very good comedian."

"That makes the resemblance all the stronger," said Cunningham.

LUNCH was almost over. The Big Four, registering acute disapproval of the honeymoon trio, who had been placed at the next table, rose together as though actuated by springs.

Falway and Lorice had already excused themselves. Sergeant Carter, whose idea of a pre-luncheon appetiser had been, perhaps, a little too grandiose, was leaning over Mile Moreau's table and endeavoring to reassure her, in French of the "San Fairy Ann" school, that her country would rise again, while Mr. Daskey, opposite, tried to keep his eye on Lorice and Sheila at the one time.

Cunningham caught up with the latter at the turn in the stairs.

"Sunday afternoon in a guest-house!" he said. "How do you propose to mitigate its terrors?"

"Lie down and sleep." Her face was much paler than that morning, and the look of fear had reawakened in her eyes.

"The height of folly," he told her,



"Look! What's that?" cried Daphne, clutching Cunningham's arm in sudden terror.

"You'll wake with a headache, take aspirin, sleep again, feel frowsy, and lie awake all night. Listen, it's not a bit of use worrying."

"I'm not worrying."

"Of course you're not. But why not do it in the open air? It may not be fine to-morrow. Madame, will you walk with me?"

"I said I'm not worrying."

"I heard you."

"And I thought you didn't walk?"

"When my liver demands it I tramp for hours. And you should just hear my liver now."

A smile lit her eyes. A queer fellow, this Ken Cunningham. Curt, flippant, moody, yet sensitively kind on occasions.

"Are you sure you shouldn't rest yourself?" she asked. "You look as though you could do with more sleep than anyone here."

"Habitual laziness. I'll have to snap out of it. Come along, now."

She hesitated a moment. "I'll come. I shan't be a minute. Are you changing?"

"Not I. Gandhi has the other half of my wardrobe. I'll be waiting in the vestibule."

As he lounged against the window Mr. Daskey approached, filling his pipe with ritualistic care.

He eyed Cunningham as though to make it clear that he did not seek the company of those who wore creaseless slacks and shapeless jackets to dinner on Sundays, though he was prepared to do his best to make a momentary descent to their level when unable to avoid it. Searching his pockets for matches, he found none, and Cunningham produced a lighter.

Daskey accepted it gratefully. "Thanks so much. Plenty in my room, of course. I'm lucky in that line. Nice little girl in a kiosk near my home always keeps something up her sleeve for me." A knowing little

smile crossed his face as he made his fifth ineffectual attempt to flick the lighter into action.

Finally Cunningham did it for him. "Poor little thing," he continued, "She feels it, you know, working in a kiosk. Very superior people, her family. Heavy money losses. Her father would turn in his grave if he could see her working like that."

"Probably turn harder if he didn't see her work," commented Cunningham. "These are busy times. And kiosk, I imagine, are rather lighter work than the factories that some young women pour into."

"Oh, quite . . ." sighed Daskey. Then feeling, perhaps, that his protégée had not been received in the manner due to her, he branched off: "I see we have—ah—some new arrivals. Rather curious little party, don't you think?"

"What's curious about them?"

"Well . . . I mean to say . . . one hardly expects . . . it's difficult to explain without sounding snobbish."

"Then I shouldn't try," said Cunningham, earnestly. "I'd just sound snobbish and be done with it."

"I don't want to give you a wrong impression," declared the goaded Daskey. "But these little differences jar one, and I do object to a man I've never seen before in my life calling me 'pal.' Queer how the barriers have broken down between the different classes . . . And then, again, I couldn't quite gather which of those two men is married to that girl. The whole thing seems very odd to me. Even Mile Moreau commented on it, and she's French."

"So I noticed. Excuse me, I'll see you again."

Cunningham followed Sheila out on to the verandah.

She had changed into outdoor clothes and heavy walking shoes.

"You arrived just in time to save Daskey a kick in those immaculate pants," he informed her.

His anger amazed Sheila. "What on earth did he say?"

Cunningham laughed. "Nothing much, really. I'm a fool. I'm apt to lose grip of myself, and that's bad."

"Bad for you?"

"Bad for everyone. You, too. You nearly lost your grip this morning, didn't you, after you rang Sydney? I know all the symptoms. Cold inside, can't concentrate. Want to hit someone, it doesn't matter much who. Oh, come on, let's walk."

They turned through the garden and so out of the house enclosure, past the Fieldings' private home and the row of new brick garages, along a path leading down into the gully a quarter of a mile behind Red Shutters.

It was an afternoon made for memory. The only clouds were those overhanging the distant mountains like a second range superimposed on the one below. The sky was a faint, transparent blue. The breeze was clean and cold against their faces.

Near the gully an odd figure lurched into view. It was old Joe Danvers, eyeing them owlishly. He stumbled across the path. Unkempt as the old man had been when Sheila had seen him that morning, he had undergone a distinct change for the worse. His eyes were bloodshot and he muttered incoherently, like a man engaged in some intricate mental calculation.

Please turn to page 14



When I'm a grown-up lady

"I'll have a beautiful house..."

Indeed you will, Susan. A wonderful house, and all the work will be done by electricity.

"I won't have to wash clothes..."

Of course not—and neither will you have to sweep, dust and clean—or wash dishes. You won't have to iron by hand or cook in the old fashioned way; you'll have electric Servants to do all this.

"And I'll have a big motor-car..."

Or an aeroplane, or even something like a magic carpet. Who knows? Radios, telephones and refrigerators seemed like magic when Grandma was a little girl.

"And... I'll always be happy."

Happier, we hope, Susan, for when this war is over the factories now making weapons will turn again to making beautiful things for this house of yours—more beautiful than they ever made before—and many, many people will be happy again.



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CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?

THE night the telegram came from Hollywood there was a winter moon rising in a white sky. Walking home along the country roads, John watched the colors deepening with the early dusk. By the time he reached his shack the moon was beginning to cast faint shadows. A corner of the yellow telegraph envelope showed on the stone step, where someone had pushed it under the cracked door.

Inside the shack he cleared a place on the edge of the table by pushing back his breakfast dishes, and, putting down his color box and block of heavy paper, went to the window to read the telegram. He read it twice, unbelievably, and then began rolling a cigarette between fingers suddenly shaky.

He lit the kerosene lamp and then his cigarette, and split some kindling for the stove. For supper he fried eggs and bacon, and propped a book open against the base of the lamp to read while he ate.

Two weeks later a frog-eyed man, breathing deeply with importance, clutched a water-color sketch, tagged "Scene 93 to 107," in one fat, highly manicured hand. Holding it off at arm's length, he raised his eyebrows, tilted his head to one side, and murmured: "Exquisite!"

This, John thought, was being about as grotesque as all that he had ever heard about Hollywood.

"I'm glad if you like it, Mr. Gollech," he said coldly.

"Yeah," Mr. Gollech said. "It's dynamic, like these times we live in. It's a typical Dawson mood, hey, Tony?"

At the far end of the desk, Tony Quimber, the director, pulled a stick of chewing-gum out of his pocket. "Sure," he said.

John remained cynically aware that they didn't know anything whatever about him or his work, except that they were paying a lot for a name that was being talked about—therefore, they had to build it up like this to themselves.

Tony put the stick of gum in his mouth and said: "Where's Marcia?" "She'll be along," Mr. Gollech said. "I've sent for her. I think we ought to have more red in it, though."

"Eh?" John said. "Did you—"

"Yeah. More red," Mr. Gollech said. "This is a big scene in the picture. We got to give 'em a real subtle bang in the eye here. Red, that's what it takes. Hey, Tony?"

"What are you talking about now, Ben?" a cool voice suddenly asked behind John.

Tony said, "Hello, Marcia."

Hands in her jacket pockets, Marcia Dunning was much more distinguished in her own clothes than John had even seen her on the screen.

"Marcia," Mr. Gollech said loudly. "I want you should meet Mr. . . . er . . ."

"Dawson," Tony said. "The fellow I told you about, Marcia."

She said, "How do you do?"

He finished the thought he had started on in the first place; without her screen mask her face was not shadowed with artificial mystery, obvious and cheapening. Then he recollected his cold and detached attitude in this place, and murmured in his turn a politely disinterested, "How do you do?"

She took the sketch out of Mr. Gollech's hand. For quite a long moment she stood looking at it in silence, her face alive and quick with intelligence, then she said: "Extraordinarily sensitive, isn't it?"

John grunted under his breath and

looked away, out the window. He hadn't been in Hollywood very long, but long enough to have learned that "sensitive" was the newly discovered adjective of the year. Last year it had been "creative."

"But conceived with great sophistication. Terribly modern," Marcia said, with lovely earnestness.

John got up, pushing back his chair. It was fantastic and silly, he thought. Because a smart agent had suavely talked them into paying silly, unreal sums of money for something they could have had for nothing, they must needs glamorise it to themselves with foul, second-hand phrases handed down to them from bored publicity men.

"Er-rrmp!" John said. "If you're through, you'll excuse me."

"Oh. Of course. I'm sorry," Marcia Dunning said.

"Not at all," he murmured. "I'll go ahead, then, with the next sets, Mr. Gollech."

"Yeah," Mr. Gollech said. "And more red."

As he closed the door, softly, coldly, and viciously behind him, he heard Marcia Dunning's voice ask:

"—but, Tony—what did I say to . . . I . . ."

He heard Tony Quimber strike a match. He heard Mr. Gollech say, "I think we got to handle this guy easy. I think he's a very sensitive guy."

He was still angry and quite consciously bitter when he got back to the hotel and went up to his room. It was lavishly ornate. Everything in it was overdone and artificial.

Oh, well, he reflected—to-morrow he was going to look for another shack, somewhere along this barren and sun-glaring beach. If there were honest shacks to be found somewhere beyond the gaudy miles of cabanas and surfside palazzi.

The shack he found was eleven miles up the coast.

It was a shadeless, sand-drifted shack, but here he could be by himself, away from crowding people and noise, and when he got back from the studio in the second-hand flivver he had bought, and he could eat his supper with a tin plate on one knee and a book on the other if he wanted to. So he was surprised when on Sunday morning a big, low-slung roadster came lurching down the deep sand road from the Coast Highway.

Standing at the back door with a cup and a tea-towel in his hands, John saw that the man driving was

By Michael Foster

Tony Quimber. Beside him sat Marcia Dunning.

"Hi, boy," Tony called. "We've come for Sunday dinner."

"Oh," John said. "That's fine."

"I knew you'd appreciate it," Tony said. "After all the trouble you've taken to escape the shrill, bitter illusions of Hollywood. Now, I've been here eighteen years and I—"

"Oh, Tony," Marcia said. "No, really, Mr. Dawson. We haven't come for dinner. We were just out driving and—"

"—And Marcia wanted to see what kind of man it was at home in the shack for which he forsook the vanities of our world. That intrigued Marcia. . . . So now I'm leaving her here."

"Tony!" Marcia said, quietly.

"Pooh! Send her home on the bus after dinner," Tony said. "I've got a girl in Santa Barbara. Get out, kid. So long."

Standing in the sand, watching the car lurch away again, Marcia said, "Great wit, Tony. This is nothing. Wait till you've known him a while."

"Oh, well," John said, uncomfortably fumbling with the cup and towel. "I . . . I don't know about Sunday dinner, but if you have nothing better to do I—that is, we would have a sort of barbecue, more or less. On the beach—but, of course, I have a car now and if you'd rather I can take you back to your—"

A slow crease of amusement appeared in her cheek. "Never mind."



You don't know how casual Sundays are in Hollywood," she said. "A barbecue sounds like fun."

Half-an-hour later, jolting along in the flivver with the back seat piled with groceries, she didn't have a bit of that blank-faced look of Hollywood hauteur any more. She looked like a nice girl out for a Sunday afternoon in the boy-friend's flivver, and, blurtily, he told her so.

"Well, we might pretend that's it," she said.

It was an afternoon of sunshine and lazy peace; and sitting on a blanket in the sand with the sun burning on her smooth hair, she was simple and interested, and easy to talk to.

The blue Californian shadows were gathering in the folds of the barren hills when they left. She wouldn't let him drive her all the way to her house because it was too far and the Sunday evening traffic was bad, so they stopped, and she phoned for her car. When the enormous shining limousine came it pulled up behind his parked flivver, and at the kerb Marcia gave him her hand. "It's been nicer than you know," she said.

It was Tuesday afternoon that Tony Quimber came into John's office, and, unwrapping a stick of chewing-gum, said, "Marcia's giving a big party to-night. Better come along with me."

"I haven't been invited."

"That's all right. It's going to be a great rout. I'll tell you what; you and I will have dinner together, and then we'll go on to Marcia's."

When they got out there in Tony's roadster the big white and blue tile house on top of its terraces was filled with lights and people and noise. Tony faded away with a sort of dim smile, leaving John stranded among a lot of sumptuously dressed strangers. Somebody put a pinkish sticky-looking drink into his hand, and a deep bass voice said:

"I think I would like to do your head."

John looked again, blinking. It was a little man with furry eyebrows and strange red-rimmed eyes.

"Yes, I think I would paint your very thoughts," he declared. "I think you would be a sensitive object."

But wait—I can tell. Look at that picture!"

John followed the dramatically pointing arm—and jumped. It was one of his own canvases. Wildly, he wondered when Marcia had bought it.

"What do you see there?" the man demanded.

"A New England landscape," John said. "And four hundred and fifty dollars."

"Bah!" the man said. "But that sky—that color makes me tremble . . ."

A number of people said, "Ah," and a woman whispered sibilantly: "Harry is so sensitive—he is doing such wonderful creative work."

John saw then that all this was for the benefit of a pouchy, grey-faced man, probably a producer, who was dozing over a highball.

"I see all life in terms of color, and of movement," Harry said, turning away from John, the shabby stranger who had fulfilled his purpose as foil. "I see all life in terms of . . ."

John wasn't listening any more. From the far end of the room, through the crowd, Marcia was

"Whew, I'm tired! Give me a cigarette, please," said Marcia.

coming towards them, piloted by a faintly malicious-looking Tony. She was sheathed in a gown of gold lame, and as she walked the lights flowed moltenly over her slender figure. She saw him suddenly, from a distance—and for an instant seemed as startled and as taken aback as he had been when she came to his shack. But, without a break in her walk, she came on and said:

"Why, John, how nice! I didn't know . . ."

And to the others, in the same perfect voice she had used in Gollech's office the first time he had seen her: "You know, Mr. Dawson is doing the sets for my new picture."

Everybody looked at him suddenly and the producer opened one eye and nodded. Harry turned very slowly and said, "Are . . . you John Dawson?"

John cleared his throat and looked away. Harry said, "The man who wrote . . ."

Please turn to page 20

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Spaghetti Casserole

INGREDIENTS: 1 small onion chopped, 1 cup left-over gravy, salt and pepper to taste, cold steak or meat diced, 1 dessert-spoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 lb. spaghetti, 1 cup melted butter sauce, few toasted breadcrumbs, a little grated cheese (about two tablespoons).

METHOD: 1. Fry onion in bacon fat and when a golden brown add pepper, salt, Worcestershire sauce. 2. Mix well, then add gravy, stir until boiling. 3. Add diced meat. Cover and stand on warm part of stove. 4. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until soft, then strain, and cut into small pieces. 5. Add to melted butter sauce. 6. Line bottom of well-greased casserole dish with spaghetti, pressing it up around edges. 7. Fill with prepared meat and cover with thin layer of spaghetti. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs and grated cheese. 8. Bake in moderate oven (450 degrees) 25 minutes.

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Beaufighter boys are buckjumpers of the air



BEAUFIGHTER PILOTS AND OBSERVERS relax in their bush mess. This group includes Flying-Officer Alan Morton, of Adelaide; Flight-Lieut. Hank Henry, Clarence Park, S.A.; Pilot-Officer Douglas Hooke, Punchbowl, N.S.W.; Flying-Officer G. R. Whyte, Nedlands, W.A.; Flight-Lieut. John ("Tutts") Entwistle, of Westbourne Park, S.A.; Flying-Officer R. S. Graves, of Merbein, Vic.; Flying-Officer Vito Letthead, Burracoppin, W.A.;

Flying-Officer Kevin McDavitt, Camberwell, Vic.; Flying-Officer A. J. Cameron, Moorooka, Qld.; Flying-Officer Don Taylor, Mt. Lawley, W.A.; Flying-Officer Don McCord, Launceston, Tas.; Flight-Lieut. Mick McCutcheon, Toorak, Vic.; Flying-Officer Eric Hunt, Mt. Lawley, W.A.; Flying-Officer Berrie Gillespie, Nedlands, W.A.; Flying-Officer D. ("Trapper") Drysdale, Parramatta, N.S.W. These lads fly daily over enemy territory.

They blast the Japs relentlessly by day and night; live in bush huts and tents

By BILL MOORE, Our War Correspondent

It does you good to shake hands with the devil-may-care Beaufighter boys of this north-west area.

Up here they call Beaufighter 534 crews "Buckjumpers of the Air" because they have the uncanny knack of bouncing off the enemy's palm trees, jumping over his hangars and installations, and generally kicking Tojo's treasures to smithereens.

AND there's no fooling about those palm tree bounces, because I've been there when the boys have come home with pieces of palm tree securely wedged between the engine cowl and fuselage.

The crews are just as daring—if not so well known—as the Spitfire pilots. They swoop from the heavens on to the enemy's bases, ships and settlements, to strafe and destroy everything in sight, only a few feet from the ground.

Their cheery, tall, dark, and handsome leader told me, "Those trees often bend down to let us through."

He has completed 25 missions, and his boys get a great kick out of their jobs. The squadron has the remarkable record of more than a hundred planes shot out of action in eight months.

In May, for example, they bowled over more than 20 enemy aircraft, and probably destroyed and damaged as many more. And all these, mark you, on the Japs' own territory.

So scared are Jap planes of Beaufighters that they clear for cover whenever they see our boys coming. Beaufighters have had most success in their attacks on Langgoer, the new airstrip in Kel Islands; Dilli and Koepang, in Timor; Taberfane, in Kel Islands; and in the Selaru Group.

These fighters have gone out morning and night and swooped from the clouds in the face of fierce ack-ack fire with all guns blazing. That

sort of flying calls for the greatest nerve and courage.

Occasionally some of the lads do not get back from these missions over long stretches of sea, but losses, considering their successes, are amazingly low.

They're a great bunch of humorists, the Beaufighter buckjumpers!

Sgt. E. J. ("Basher") Barret, of Allawah, Sydney, likes to laugh about the time he flew so low that flames from destroyed enemy planes licked all round him.

"For a few minutes I felt like a fire-eater," he said.

Flight-Lieut. John Dennett, of Lindfield, Sydney, told me how the boys ripped the Jap emblem off the finstaff over Penfoel.

"One of our boys carried that Rising Sun pennant off with his wing, but it blew off before he got home," Dennett explained.

Some Beaufighter pilots were formerly instructors at elementary flying schools, and have seen pupils rise to rank and fame overseas.

A Beaufighter crew comprises a pilot and observer whose ages range from twenty years to anything over thirty. Majority of the crews are under twenty-four.

Crews and ground staff live happily in a bush camp of tents and huts fashioned from bush timber.

They live hard, the bulk of their rations being tinned. They receive an occasional supply of fresh vegetables from Army farms.

Bread comes daily from the Army bakery, and some meat from the butchery.

More enterprising members of the squadron have put down concrete

floors in tents, but "furniture" is improvised from boxes and cases.

Down in the dispersal bays you meet mechanics, armors, fitters, and riggers busy on planes.

You see them handle affectionately a wounded plane which has come in badly holed from a burst of enemy cannon or ack-ack fire.

The plane is patched-up, overhauled, and made ready for service again.

There have been Beaufighters which have limped home with a part of the wing like a colander, but they are fixed up and go out for more strafing sweeps.

I chatted with some of the ground staff as they worked in warm winter sun.

Lt. Col. Stan Fuller, of Inverell, N.S.W., flight mechanic, said: "Before the war I had a small sheep property near Inverell, but

now I never think of sheep. I've met the greatest bunch of fellows in the world here," he said.

Corporal Stan Peary, of Mt. Kembla, N.S.W., who earned 26/- a day as a coalminer, and who now receives 12/6 a day as a fitter and armorer, told me he would go back to mining after the war.

"It's got hold of me. My people have been miners for four or five generations," Stan said.

An officer in charge of the ground staff said he had the "finest lot of workers you could find anywhere."

"Beaufighters call for the highest skill in maintenance to keep them running freely," he added.

In recent months Beaufighters have varied the daily service diet by sometimes participating in armed reconnaissance patrols and in shadowing Allied ships.

One of the luckiest observers in the squadron is Flying-Officer John N. Marr, of Subiaco, Perth, who narrowly escaped death when an enemy explosive shell burst on the covering above his head while over Taberfane recently.

Marr was hoping to get leave when I saw him, to go home to his wife and three-months-old John Marr, Junior, whom he has not yet seen.

In the mess, just before dinner, pilots, observers, and others gather for ice-cold squash. Around the mess are pictures of attractive pin-up girls, publicity cuttings, and squadron insignia.

Droll Flight-Lieutenant Joe Stanley, of Auchinflower, Qld., who often leads the planes into action, is pretty proud of the fact that Australian Beaufighters fly much longer distances to get to enemy bases than do R.A.F. Beaufighters overseas.

Another Queensland pilot, Squadron-Leader Gordon Savage, of Ipswich, shepherded the lads one day when the Beaufighters destroyed nine out of nine float-planes.

Savage said: "Our leader told us to bring home the bacon. We did that all right, and brought some sucking-pigs, too."

That's typical of the Beaufighter boys. They pack a bundle of fun into every mission.

The Queen's thought for mothers

Cabled from London by ANNE MATHESON

"It is to the mothers that my heart goes out. They are always in my thoughts. With war on so many far-flung fronts, it must be a terrible strain for Australian women and I think their sacrifice is magnificent," said Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, to Dr. Evatt when she gave audience to him during his London visit.

THE Queen gave Dr. Evatt a signed photograph of herself and the Princesses to take back to Mrs. Evatt.

"Her Majesty told me it is the children and their future that exercise her thoughts. She believes that it is they who must shape the world men are fighting now to win for them," said Dr. Evatt. She indicated that there is no phase of the education of the Princesses which she doesn't supervise.

"Queen Elizabeth is the most outstanding of all the women I've met," Doctor Evatt added, "and I've met most of the important ones."

"Everyone knows of her gracious-

ness, her charm, her deep sympathy, but few are privileged—because of her position—to know how wide a knowledge, intelligent interest, and shrewd understanding she has of world affairs."

Doctor Evatt's visit to London this time gave him a new opportunity to appreciate the warmth and intimacy of the Prime Minister's family circle which he shared.

London broadcast

DR. EVATT'S broadcast speech was one of the successes of his London visit.

He gave English listeners a new realization of the dangers and the problems of war in the Pacific, which

had to many of them seemed somewhat remote.

Reference is made to it in an air-graph letter that arrived this week at the office of The Australian Women's Weekly from Mrs. Elsa Dunbar, head of the overseas department of the Women's Voluntary Services, in London.

"I have just read in the paper that it is possible to send airgraphs to Australia, and I hasten to send you one, and hope that it arrives in record time. What a wonderful service it is. I suppose after the war we will wonder how we ever existed without it."

"I think nearly everyone in Britain listened in on Sunday evening to Dr. Evatt. He made an excellent broadcast, and certainly brought the Pacific story up to date; and how well we agreed with him when he said the Dominions had something of value to contribute, and would help to perpetuate the unity and solidarity of the British Commonwealth."

Editorial

AUGUST 7, 1943

MUSSOLINI FALLS

THE downfall of Mussolini as ruler of Italy has removed from the European scene one of the criminals responsible for the war.

At the end of his futile and ugly career he has had to place on other shoulders the burden of retribution that his folly had amassed.

Since Mussolini led his black-shirted army into Rome in October, 1922, the name of Fascist has become a synonym for aggression and cruelty, oppression and injustice.

Looking back over the history of the last two decades, the free peoples recall bitterly that it was Mussolini who gave the world its first modern lessons in the use of large-scale, organised physical cruelty to wipe out political opposition.

From Italy came the first trickle of refugees from relentless political power.

From Mussolini's own son came the first expressions of bloodthirsty satisfaction in the effect of bombs on helpless people.

The Italian dictator preceded Hitler in assuring his people that war is good, that it is essential to manly development.

The Democracies have learned to regret that they allowed Mussolini to flourish, then watched Hitler outclass him.

They have had to pay for this policy of non-intervention with blood and tears. It has taken nearly four grim years of war to remove from power a man who, at the time of his first adventure in aggression in Abyssinia, might have been vanquished in as many months.

Mussolini has gone from power, but his works endure. The Allies have yet to clean up the Fascist mess in the Italy he left behind him.

—THE EDITOR.

He's landlord for Canberra



SENATOR JOSEPH SILVER COLLINGS setting off for a day's fishing from his week-end shack at Sandgate, Qld.



SENATOR COLLINGS with his daughter and his eldest grandson, Staff-Sergeant Keith Collings, A.I.F., in the garden of his Brisbane home.



SENATOR COLLINGS admires some of the pottery his daughter, Miss Kate Collings, makes in her spare time.

Senator Collings, at 78, looks forward to new term of duty

In the pretty garden of his Brisbane home and the quiet of his fishing shack at Sandgate, 78-year-old, "silver-haired, silver-tongued" Senator Joseph Silver Collings is relaxing a while in preparation for his forthcoming election campaign.

Not that the Senator admits to any need for relaxation. "Age," he asked—and humorous crinkles around his eyes deepen a little—"isn't age a state of mind, not a matter of years?"

"I've just finished a twelve-year term in the Senate, and my state of mind is that I feel fine, and fit to take on another term as a job of work for my country."

"It's been a grand experience, too," he adds.

"In my term I've seen Canberra grow into an international city."

"You know, I'm landlord of Canberra. A little while ago I received a cheque from Mr. Nelson T. Johnson, the U.S.A. Minister, for 99 years' rent for the American Legation."

"Our other distinguished tenants include the Soviet Minister, Mr. A. P. Vlasov, and the Chinese Minister, Dr. Hsu Mo."

"By way of contrast, I also had to take charge of Canberra's domestic troubles this year, and arrange for delivery of milk, firewood, ice, bread, and meat."

Senator Collings also functions in Canberra as Mayor. He is very proud of the fact that Canberra is the only city in the world which was town-planned while still in its natural state.

The Commonwealth Electoral Roll and Commonwealth Railways are part of his responsibilities as Minister for the Interior.

He is responsible for all the constructional work from Hobart to Darwin, aerodromes, barracks, gun sites, and so on.

"When the story of the industrial side of this war is told," he asserts, "it will be made clear that the work of the Civil Construction Corps is as vital as that of the fighting forces, and the heroism of many of the men will receive due acknowledgment."

In between cultivating his cabages and roses, and pulling in his

D.F.C.'s forty-six bomber raids over enemy territory

"A piece of cake" is how Flying-Officer Reg Emmerson, recently awarded the D.F.C., describes one of the 1000-bomber raids over Germany.

F/O. Emmerson tells the story of one of his 46 trips over enemy territory in a letter to his family in David St., Toowoomba, Qld.

"I WENT on the first two 1000-bomber raids—Cologne and Essen. Of these, Cologne was undoubtedly the best."

"We flew up the river from the south, and we had to be very careful not to run into other kites, as the air was black with them. It was like the main street of our town on a Saturday morning."

"The place was already burning well when I arrived there, and we just sailed in."

"One Jerry A.A. battery lobbed about four shells alongside us, but the skipper didn't take much notice and I was so busy getting ready to

drop my lot of goods that I didn't bother, either."

"It was a piece of cake, and a fellow couldn't miss."

"After I unloaded our contribution I stood alongside the skipper and we circled round watching the other boys wade in."

"I saw several kites way down below us who, not satisfied with the load they'd dropped, went down and started brating up the already worn-out Jerry gunners with their machine-guns."

"At 10,000 feet the flames turned all the underneath of our kite a dull red, so you can tell what a beating the place got."

"The 1000-bomber raid on Essen

Interesting People



DR. C. H. KELLAWAY

... scientific research.
BRILLIANT Australian scientist, Dr. Charles Kellaway, F.R.S., has been appointed director-in-chief of Empire's greatest research laboratories, the Welcome Foundation, England. Will direct vast new programme of expansion. For past 20 years has been director of Walter and Eliza Hall Research Institute, Melbourne.



SISTER M. TISDALL

... plastic unit.
SISTER in charge of plastic surgery unit at a military hospital in Victoria is returned Army nurse, Sister Margaret Tisdall, of Melbourne, who joined unit when it was formed at 2nd A.G.H., Egypt, in 1941. "Wonderful results are being achieved in rebuilding and restoring to normal use faces and limbs of badly injured and disfigured soldiers," she says.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For shorter extracts 5/- is paid.

was the only time I've been there without getting shot up. I've been there seven times altogether."

"These were two of four raids I went on while at an Operational Training Unit."

"After 34 trips over enemy territory I had been posted there for a rest."

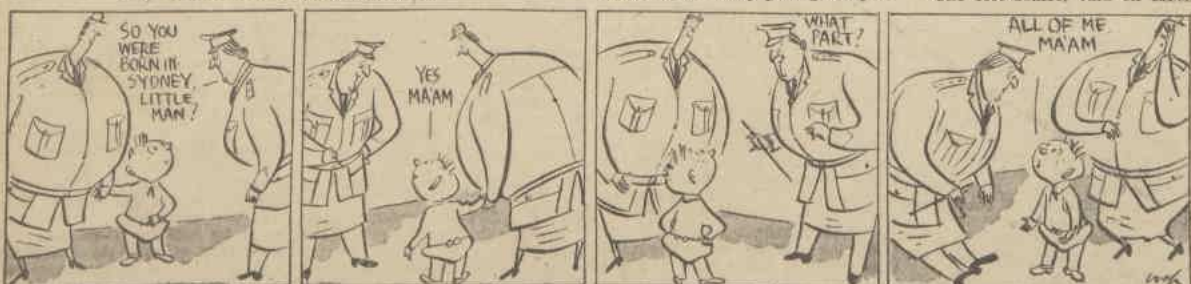
"I had to give lectures to pupils and also fly with them on their first day and night cross-country trips."

"Navigation in this country is not easy owing to balloon barrages. After a few months at this place I got fed up and applied to go back on operations. Since I left there I've done another eight trips, which brings my score to 46 trips over enemy territory."

Pte. Roy Hillman, to his sister, Mrs. I. Glozier, North Bankstown, N.S.W.:

"THE boys put on a concert last Saturday, and was she any good! You should have laid eyes on our ballet. Despite frequent brassiere trouble and a few mistakes in the routine, it was the hit of the evening."

"The leading 'lady' resplendent in a pair of long underpants gave a talented version of 'The Dying Swan,' which sent everyone home through laughing."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, August 4: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, August 5 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All These in Favor."
FRIDAY, August 6: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, August 7: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Four-square."
SUNDAY, August 8 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, August 9: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Days."
TUESDAY, August 10: Musical Alphabet.

Quiz Kids praised by poet

Popular 2GB session

Dame Mary Gilmore, Australian poet, paid a tribute recently to the Quiz Kids, the five clever youngsters whose session is heard from 2GB every Sunday night at 7.15.

ONCE a schoolteacher, 78-year-old Dame Mary congratulated the team on the range of their knowledge.

She said that the Quiz Kids' session had an educational value far beyond that of many other sessions of its type.

"In many of their partial answers," she wrote, "they are prompted not only by memory, but by reasoning. This holds great promise for their future development."

Dame Mary has always taken an interest in the mental growth of young people, and has helped many aspiring writers and poets.

She sent an autographed copy of her poem, "No Poe Shall Gather Our Harvest," to the Quiz Kids.

The Australian Women's Weekly readers will remember this now-

The Stars

JUNE MARSDEN'S astrological diary, "As I Read the Stars," will resume publication on August 21. It will appear on page 15.

famous poem, first published in The Australian Women's Weekly in June, 1940.

The last verse read:—

We are the sons of Australia,
Of the men who fashioned the land,
We are the sons of the women
Who walked with them, hand in hand;
And we swear by the dead who bore us,
By the heroes who blazed the trail,
No foe shall gather our harvest
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

The Quiz Kids are five normal, healthy children, ambitious, alert, yet natural and unspoiled.

They are Bernard Lake, giant of the team, aged 14; Dorothy Revie, Hongkong evacuee, aged 13; Audrey Baker, aged 15; Alan Mitchell, aged 13; and James Hagan, aged 13.

They were chosen through the unofficial co-operation of the New South Wales Department of Education.

Quiz Master John Deane is the Professor, one of the most versatile men in radio. His understanding of the young makes him the ideal man for the task.

Questions are submitted from all types of people and from places near and far. There is no limit to the subject matter.

Listeners are invited to send in still more questions to stump the Quiz Kids. A sum of five shillings in War Savings Stamps is paid for each question used, and a £1 War Savings Certificate to those whose questions are unanswered.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Magician, and LOTHAR: Giant Nubian servant, are helping PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cocksaigne, arrested for stealing money at a charity bazaar, and Teller Smith, accused of a bank theft. Mandrake is sure that the thief is his ex-assistant, Grando, who hypnotised them and took the money. He is now trying to prove Grando's guilt before the trial.

Grando knows that Narda and Teller Smith are the only ones who can identify him, so he determines to kill them. He follows Narda home and hears her talking on the telephone about her birthday party.

He decides on his plan of action, which involves the theft of priceless jewels.

NOW READ ON:



IN THE FIELD AND OFF-DUTY WITH IN



REGIMENTAL BAND of an infantry unit stationed in a distant operational area steps out, led by Drum-Major A. W. Ticehurst, of Cootamundra, N.S.W.



BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS being mended at a field repair shop. Corporal G. E. Beresford, of Temora, N.S.W., and Pte. W. E. McDonald, of Barellan, N.S.W., on the job.

Pleasant camp conditions for these troops in training

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who is on a tour of operational areas throughout Australia

Country districts of N.S.W. are well represented in the infantry and artillery units we have been visiting somewhere in Australia.

Thanks to recent good rains, the surrounding areas are richly carpeted with young crop or rich green grass, and flowering shrubs are already beginning to bloom.

TROOPS from pastoral homes appreciate this country, and are looking forward contentedly to a few months of pleasant training weather before summer brings

the inevitable discomforts of heat, dust, and flies.

Many of the men have established firm friendships with homestead owners in the district.

A soldier on leave will often spend the day jackerooing on one of the large properties—mustering sheep, trapping rabbits, milking, and doing other country jobs that remind him of home.

Though the majority of the men to whom we spoke are from N.S.W., we also met a number from other States. One tent was occupied by men from every State except Tasmania.

Much good-natured chaff flies around about the merits of the various States. To each "the first, best country ever is at home."

The wide, wide horizons evoke the frequent comment, "Gee, Mum, it'll be great to be back in Australia again!"

These units have had enough time to dig themselves in com-

fortably. Mess huts are roofed with galvanised iron, and the sides are thatched with palm leaves or brushwood.

There is a hut for each company, and, in each, regimental funds have provided a wireless set.

Leave to the nearest town is given one day a week, on a roster system, and half a day weekly is devoted to organised sports.

Hospitality

ALL praised the hospitality shown by the townsfolk. Women who work for hours weekly at the many unglamorous jobs that go to organising and running accommodation, meals, and entertainment for soldiers on leave would feel well repaid if they could hear the sincere and grateful tributes paid to their efforts by the troops.

"What's the new club in Marcus Clark's old building like?" is a frequent question from the N.S.W. man.

Infantry training means "Boots, boots, boots," and each company has its own repair shop.

We went to one where the N.C.O.

CAN YOU FIND YOUR BOY? Mrs. Alice Jackson, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, War Photographer.

in charge was Corporal G. E. Beresford, who, for nine years, ran his own boot-repair business in Temora. Assisting him was Pte. W. E. McDonald, a farmer from Barellan who had volunteered for this work.

"We average quite a few pairs each day each," Corporal Beresford told us. "The issue boots are good. The M. stand up to much heavy marching before they have to be re-soled. The uppers are still O.K. and the stand two or three or more soles."

"What about the leather in the new soles?" I asked.

Corporal Beresford said: "I was used to handling high-grade material in my own business, and I know it pays to put the best leather into re-soles when the uppers are still good. It's a waste of time putting good workmanship into poor sole material."

With uniforms, too, a stitch in time often saves the day.

Tailors for one battalion were Staff-Sergeant L. Hennessy, Cootamundra, and Private N. Sully, Gith, both of whom were tailors in civilian life.

Their tailoring tent presented a busy scene. It was equipped with a tailor's sewing-machine, and the alterations and repairs for the whole battalion were handled by the two men in charge.

A 25-pounder gunnery course was



FIELD POST OFFICE uses the address "Martin Place." Sgt. L. Armitage, of Earlwood, N.S.W., and Sgt. J. A. Campbell, of Mosman, N.S.W., sorting mail.

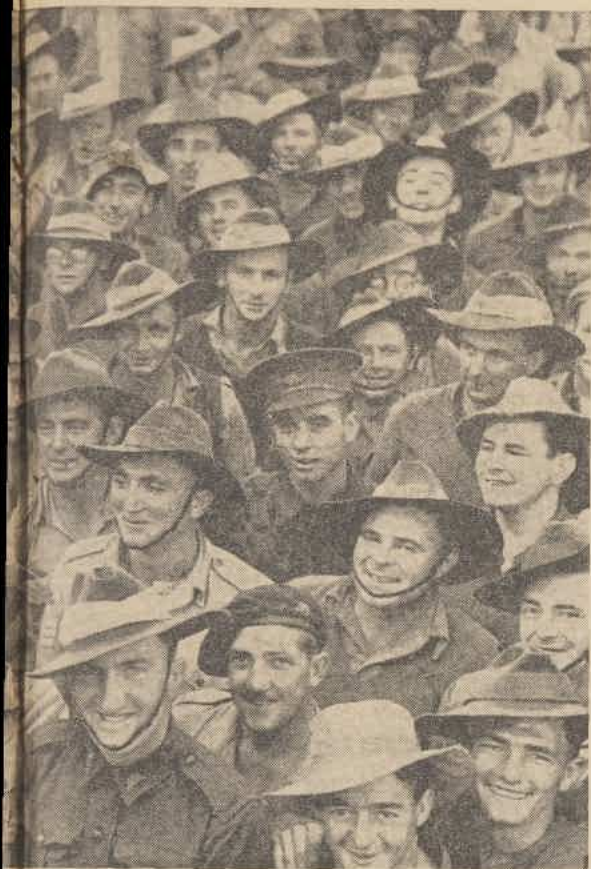


RELAXING AFTER BAND PRACTICE. From left: Pte. A. B. Searle, of Harden, N.S.W.; Ptes. J. H. Ryan and A. W. Ticehurst, and Sgt. J. Costello, of Cootamundra, N.S.W.; and Pte. M. J. Watson, of Tumut, N.S.W., in front.



A GOOD CATCH. Driver L. Miller, Private A. R. Taylor, and Cpl. A. P. Bruce hanging up a leave-day bag of rabbit-skins to dry.

INFANTRY UNITS



Just a few of the lads met by The Australian Women's Weekly, and Jack Hickson, on tour.

in progress in one part. One crew there included Bombardier H. O. Chalmers; Gunners A. Colquhoun, B. Bowral, C. Knudsen, Forest Lodge; and Fitzsimmons, Newtown.

In another were Bombardier F. Kaldasum, Stanmore; P. Akens, Forest Lodge; W. Turner, Newtown; M. Austin, Armidale.

Other crews included Bombardier R. E. Harrison, Campsie; N. J. Herden, Tamworth; R. G. McGrath, Braidwood; and C. J. Linden, St. Peters, and his brother, C. H. Linden; Sergeant L. H. Ward, Armcliffe; Bombardier A. D. Williams, Croydon Park; and Gunner S. A. Bodman, East Maitland.

Gunner Bodman is married and has three children, but most of the men in this battery are single, the average age being just over 20.

Band talent

A BAND practice rehearsal was going on at the unit. The instruments are Army issue. The talent is garnered from the regiment. Most of the players were well known in town bands or dance bands before they enlisted.

Sergeant G. J. Ross, Maitland, organiser of concert parties, was formerly a popular radio artist.



SETTING TRAPS. Lieut. S. C. Browne, Drifter L. Miller, both of Sydney.

The rehearsal was for a forthcoming concert, at which solo performers included Jeff Stenner, Cootamundra; Neville Hammond, Leeton; Dock Goldrick, Wagga; Bert Gillard, Griffith; Jack Smith, Cootamundra; Geoff. Charlton, Wagga; Ivan Fox, and Kevin Sloan. Bert Gillard was trumpet player in the A.B.C. Band, and the pianist, Harry Trevillion, was for five years with the State Orchestra, and later with Hoyts.

Special mention was requested for the classical pianist, Pte. Van Andel, who was formerly a member of the Amsterdam Philharmonic Orchestra.

Players in the bands included Drum-Major A. W. Ticehurst, Cootamundra; Ptes. J. Ryan, Cootamundra; A. B. Searle, Harden; M. J. Watson, Tumut; Sgt. J. Costello, Cootamundra; Ptes. A. W. Bryce and the brothers C. N. and A. S. McCann, from Boorowa; F. J. Smith, Young; L. W. Brown, West Ryde (Manly town band player); W. Annabel, Cobarra (Newtown Band player); H. Trevillion, Ashfield; H. M. Austin, Newcastle; Cpl. J. Henderson, Auburn; A. L. Gowans, Temora; K. J. Smith, Wyalong; Cpl. H. J. Ekin, Leeton; W. J. Sheehan, Ardlethan; A. W. Moynahan, Kilkora; S. Wallace, Wyalong; and B. Jennings, Ardlethan.

On sentry duty were Gunner J. A. Aldun, Newtown; and J. F. Teale, Dubbo, whose 20th birthday it was. He was on sentry last birthday, too, but



MUSTERING SHEEP on a neighboring property. This is a favorite occupation, especially among men whose homes are in the country.



DOWN ON THE FARM. Members of these infantry units spend much of their leave time on neighboring station properties. Tom White, of Waverley, N.S.W., and Cpl. Wilson (right), from Newtown, N.S.W., chatting to stockman Toby Barton.

he cheerfully said he likes the life as he was used to the country.

Brothers in the same company included W. H. and A. R. Nash, from Parkes; J. W. and E. J. Carey, from Peak Hill; P. E. and D. K. Williamson, from Orange; and three, W. O. T. J. Culkin, Sergeant J. B. Culkin, and Sergeant K. F. Culkin, from Wellington.

Youngest in this company was Pte. I. C. Jensen, 19, Newcastle, who enlisted 18 months ago.

Food front

BREAD is the staff of life to the Army, too. At the field bakery 1500 4lb. loaves are baked daily, in steam-pipe ovens, from flour which is 20 per cent. wholemeal.

This keeps three shifts of bakers and two shifts of doughmakers going. All to whom we spoke had been bakers in civil life. Officer-in-charge is Lieut. I. Carlin.

Cooks in the various units attend small bakery schools, which specialise in teaching improvised bread-making for field conditions.

Nothing is wasted. Officer-in-charge of a salvage unit, Lieut. R. A. Kelly, a health inspector at Strathfield in civil life, explained how unconsumed food is sold to neighboring farmers for pigs; fat from the kitchens is rendered down and sold; all returnable containers are recovered, using the system of back loading.

Motor transport scrap is carefully combed over. Everything repairable is repaired, the balance goes into the melting pot.

Used oil is collected; worn-out uniforms are passed back to be made into children's clothes if that is

practicable. Every last scrap finds its place in the salvage scheme.

Catering adviser, Capt. L. H. Avis, formerly catering manager for a chain of city stores, is responsible for the supervision of the ration in its preparation, the way it is cooked and served, the training of cooks, set-up of kitchens, and general messing arrangements.

Hygiene in kitchens is most important in forward areas. We had many opportunities to see how thoroughly the principles are put into practice.

Preparation rooms were as nearly fly-proof as possible, covered incinerators dealt on the spot with rubbish, efficient grease traps and thorough drainage did their part, and it was a routine practice throughout for every man to dip his food containers into boiling water immediately before being served.



NO MILK SHORTAGE HERE. Private Alex Lindsay, from Vauchuse, tries his hand at milking. Property owners welcome the help of the boys on leave in these days of manpower shortage.



ON THE BOTTLE. Army cook, Tom White, having spent the week satisfying human appetites, takes his day off on a farm, and finds a pet lamb to feed instead.

Continuing . . . Lady In Hazard

from page 5

At sight of them he brought a tremulous hand up to his hat-brim.

"Afternoon, sir and miss. Not too proud to have word with old sailor?" He slurred his words badly, and remained erect with an obvious effort.

"Who's the boy-friend?" asked Cunningham.

"I think he's a sort of odd-job man. I saw him bringing up some milk this morning."

"Better if he stuck to milk."

The old man was staring at Sheila. There was a puzzled expression on his wrinkled face, as though he were trying to remember something.

"Gunner Joseph Danvers, Royal Navy, sir," he mumbled. "Bombardment Alexandria. Served with Cap'n Jellicoe, Boxer riots. No offence meant, sir."

"None taken, Gunner Danvers," replied Cunningham, his voice breaking then Sheila had heard it before. "Better go below and turn in for a while, gunner."

"Thank you, sir. And the lady. Afternoon, sir and miss."

Vaguely saluting, he shambled off, tripping occasionally over a small boulder. Finally they saw him lurch into a small hut overlooking the gully, and heard the slam of a door.

"I may be wronging the old boy," remarked Cunningham, "but in my view he's far from sober."

"It's a shame," said Sheila. "Mr. Fielding told me he had periodical outbursts, but that he could not get anything here."

"The soldiers, perhaps. They're hospitable chaps."

"Surely they'd have more sense."

"They wouldn't realise how little it takes to put a man of his age on his ear."

They passed the veteran's hut and looked down into the gully. Here it was a ravine with precipitous sides, to the rocky faces of which hung rugged clumps of scrub. Below them the creek narrowed into a minor torrent.

A few hundred yards to their

right a steep path was cut into the side of the precipice, leading down to a rough bridge, and so to another path up the other side. Along the rocky edge of the creek cattle had worn a narrow path. Sheila suggested that they follow it, but Cunningham said: "Too dark and gloomy in this canyon, don't you think? Let's keep in the sun while there is any."

They crossed the bridge, scrambled up the steep track opposite, and looked back at the house. Red Shutters was as impressive from the rear as the front.

Sheila remarked that Cunningham was breathing rather heavily after his climb.

"Too much lunch," he explained curtly. It was obvious that he resented her comment, so she did not pursue the subject.

Not an easy man to know, she thought. A mass of contradictions. He had the clear, sunburnt skin of health and the drawn expression of an invalid. He spoke, usually, with the dry nonchalance of a man to whom nothing matters except in so far as it could be made the subject of a jest, yet he was going to greater trouble than anyone in the house to stop her worrying about Margaret.

Beyond the ravine the ground rose steadily towards a belt of timber a couple of miles away.

"I like walking on grass, don't you, after concrete?" she said.

"I haven't done much of either for a long time," he replied absently. "Those Fielding's sheep, I wonder?"

"Shouldn't think so. Most of this land belongs to a pastoral company. And he doesn't look like a farmer."

"Hard to say what he looks like, carrying that weight. He makes me think of an operatic tenor run to seed."

They talked desultorily of the people at Red Shutters for a while, and then fell silent.

Beyond the belt of trees the

ground rose more abruptly, here and there breaking into rocky terraces. Looking back, they could see across the tops of the trees and across the valley to Red Shutters and its outbuildings, crowning the heights on the opposite side.

High overhead a plane droned, shining like a tiny silver brooch.

"Maybe that's Gerry Desmond," said Cunningham, "training some of his boys."

"Is that the airman who was staying at the house last week?"

"Left just as you arrived. You might have noticed him. A noticeable sort of man, the squadron-leader."

"Where is he stationed?"

"About forty miles away, I understood him to say. I can't say exactly where. My knowledge of these parts is a bit vague. But I gathered he flew around here a lot training young bombers. He took three days' leave at Red Shutters—for reasons best known to himself."

"And Miss Falway?"

"Why did she mention it?"

"No, it's just my guess."

"I suppose Desmond could do worse."

"You sound as though you thought he might do better. I think she's charming. Took me up to her room this morning and showed me photos and frocks and music and goodness knows what. Being born with a set of silver spoons in her mouth hasn't spoiled her in the least."

"You speak from the viewpoint of the favored. She's only looked at me twice, and wasn't impressed."

"Did you try to impress?"

"She belongs to a type I'm not keen on," said Cunningham.

Sheila wondered, with an inward smile, if a type existed on which this dour young man was keen. She was under no delusions as to his feelings towards her. Curiosity, or at most an irritated pity, lay at the root of his kindness.

"Is Squadron-Leader Desmond a near friend of yours?"

"We were pretty thick for a while a couple of years ago. I hadn't seen him for a long time until last night. Good man, Desmond. None better. You'd like him. Must we turn back?"

"We don't want to be wandering back in the dark late for tea. We'll have Mrs. Shasters reminding us there's a war on."

"Let's climb the next ridge, then."

"If we get busted you've been warned."

"I'll see you home safely. Don't worry."

The approach to the ridge was steeper than they had anticipated. The last stage of the ascent involved a fairly precipitous twenty-foot climb. Looking back, Sheila saw Cunningham laboring up behind her. She called gaily: "Come on, slowcoach!" He did not reply, but clambered grimly on, his face set, his breath coming in perceptible gasps.

Reaching a cranny near the top, she turned and, leaning down, seized him by the back of the arm, just below the shoulder, and gave a tug. To her alarm and amazement he uttered a sharp exclamation and suddenly sagged, so that for one dreadful moment she thought he would fall backward.

"What's wrong?"

He did not answer, but leaned against the face of the cliff for a moment or two, and then, very slowly and deliberately, crawled over the top and lay on the soft, dry grass. He had turned very white.

"What's happened?" she demanded. "You're ill?"

"I'm all right," he muttered savagely. "Let me alone."

She watched with deepening anxiety until at last he rolled over and slowly sat up.

"Sorry to be such a fool."

"But what was it?"

"Nothing, I tell you. A bit dizzy. No head for heights."

"Nonsense." The invention was palpable. Then his hand went to his left shoulder. "Is it your arm? And I must have hurt it. I'm terribly sorry."

"I tell you it's all right. How could you know? Let's go on."

"We'll stay and rest."

"There's no need to worry about me."

"Who's worrying about you?" she asked, adopting his own tone. "But I don't want any trouble getting you back to the house. If you go before I say so you go alone."

"A bit masterful, aren't you?" he said. His face was still pale, but for the first time he smiled with his eyes.

It was as though that moment had created a bond between them, so that there was no immediate need for more words. It was windless and warm in that cranny in the rocks. Cunningham leaned back against the mossy wall, long legs stretched out before him, and pulled out his cigarette-case.

"Feeling better?"

"Physically, yes. Mentally, I feel a fool to give out like that."

"I thought you were going to fall."

"So did I."

She shuddered. "You might have been killed."

"I'm not so easily killed."

"How do you know?"

"It's been proved," he told her with a grin.

"When you hurt your shoulder?"

He nodded.

"Was it an accident?"

"Well, no. I could hardly call it that. I'm sorry I gave you such a fright," he added hastily. "That shoulder's a bit of a nuisance at present. This is the second time it's annoyed me. The first was when I mixed myself up in a crowd in Sydney and someone gave me a bump. I woke up in a casualty ward minus three pounds which some good Samaritan had taken out of my wallet. He was kind enough to leave the wallet, though."

"They say it may get better in time. But time hasn't done much for me yet, in any sort of way. Much overrated factor, time, take it all round. Don't you think so?"

She still looked startled. Actually she had been more shocked than she would have admitted, and not merely by the danger he had been in, but the effect it had had on her. She stole a glance at him, almost as though she had expected him to have changed in some way.

"I expect your sister will be waiting when you get back," he said, obviously wishing to change the subject.

"I'm afraid not. She must be held up somewhere and stopped from ringing through because it's Sunday."

"What is she like? You?"

"Not really. Sometimes, with our hats on and our hair pushed back, people have mistaken us for each other. But it's quite absurd, really. She's very clever. If she'd been a man she'd have stuck to one thing and gone to the top, but women haven't much chance of doing that. As it is, she's held down some very good jobs."

"And you stopped at home?"

"I didn't want to do anything else, really. Mother died when I was quite young, and we had a housekeeper until I was old enough to take it on myself. Then father died suddenly, just before the war, and the boys joined up, and I went into munitions. I haven't seen Margaret for two years. That's why I decided to make this trip. No one knows what's going to happen these days."

Cunningham gathered an impression of a gifted and impulsive girl, whose ability had enabled her to get any position she particularly wanted and whose restlessness had tired her of it within twelve months.

In eight years she had worked in Melbourne, Brisbane, and Sydney, and had been secretary to half a dozen men important in their line—Purves, the politician; Henry Chagwin, the inventor; Otto von Graupner, the German engineer; Clayton, editor of a Queensland paper, and a couple of others less well known.

"The family butterfly," said Cunningham, "but apparently a rather useful butterfly when she condescends to settle for a while. Built that way, I'm not surprised she's a couple of days late turning up here. She might have picked up a good job on the way down. Didn't her various bosses complain at all when she weighed anchor just as they were getting used to having her round?"

"I don't think some of them were too pleased. Still," she insisted, "Margaret didn't leave one job for another just because there was more money in it. Sometimes she took less. It's just that she wants change and experience."

"Some man's going to have his hands full when she marries."

"Let's hope she won't marry until she's ready to relax. But I don't think marriage interests her at present."

ANIMAL ANTICS



"Lucky stiff! He's on a vacation!"

She stopped abruptly. She knew that Cunningham was merely talking for talking's sake, that he did not care in the least about Margaret's experience or ideas, and that, after all, her sister would not welcome discussion with a virtual stranger.

"She did a sensible thing when she walked out on von Graupner," Cunningham remarked.

"That was about the middle of 1938. She was only with him a few months. She went over to him just before father died. He was angry with her leaving Mr. Clayton, but she took no notice. She said it was only national prejudice, because father disliked Germans. It was a sort of phobia with him."

"You ever meet von Graupner yourself?"

"Oh, no. Have you?"

"Once. About five years ago, before he came to Australia at all. Handsome brute in his way, and a good talker, though I wasn't important enough for him to exercise his gifts on. I can imagine women finding him attractive."

"I was glad when Margaret left his office," said Sheila, quietly.

"Indeed?" said Cunningham, in a curious tone.

Sheila was silent. After waiting a second or so he continued:

"His luck was out when the war caught him here. Having met him, I'm not surprised he succeeded in an escape or attacked a man while doing it. He's quite ruthless, I imagine. But he can't last. And when they corner him he'll have to go quietly or be shot."

He jumped up with an exclamation. The sun was sliding into the clouds above the mountains to the west, and the valley filling with darkness.

By the time they reached the creek it was almost dark. From below them in the ravine voices raised in song floated eerily up.

"Who the devil's making that din?" Cunningham gazed down through the trees. "Have the Big Four chucked bridge for community singing?"

"It's the honeymoon trio."

The singing ceased and an altercation rose from below. To Cunningham's call came a reply: "Got any matches? We can't find our way across this creek, and Daph's lost her shoe in the mud."

Cunningham and Sheila found a track further along and scrambled down. As they dived into the ravine the darkness deepened and Cunningham flashed on a torch.

"Handy, this torch of Shaster's," he remarked with a laugh. "They need it more than he does, at the moment."

His beam picked up the three faces.

"Thank heaven here's one man with a bit of sense," cried Daph. "Those galoots could do nothing but laugh. And me with a perfectly good shoe gone west and a new silk stocking ruined with mud."

Cunningham turned the beam of the torch downwards along the edge of the creek.

"There it is, doing a bunk into a puddle," cried Daph. "Oh, Mr. Cunningham!" She clutched his arm.

"What's that?"

"What's eating you now?" cried the exasperated sergeant.

"Look—over there! Over on the other side. A man! With his head in the water . . ."

The ravine rang with her scream.

To be continued

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



SNAPPY LITTLE FROCK

TRACED clearly on an all-cotton material named linette, this little style is presented in a range of shades including pink, blue, green, lemon, coffee, and white, ready to cut and sew. Size, 2 to 4 years, price, 3/11 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 4/6 (5 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 4/11 (5 coupons). Postage, 3d. extra. When ordering, please ask for No. 153.

DAINTY FROCK FOR BABY

The pattern on this frock (No. 178) is traced clearly on clydella in white only or on rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pink, and blue.

The design is very dainty with its long skirt, shaped bodice, illustrated with a lace trim (which is not supplied), short sleeves and embroidery transfer all ready for working.

Size, infants: Clydella, 10/6; six months, 11/6; and 12 months, 12/6. Plus 4 coupons and 6d. postage.

178

Size, infants:
Crepe - de -
Chine, 8/3; six
months, 8/11;
and 12 months,
9/6, plus 4 coupons, and 4d.
postage.

DUCHESS SET IN FINE COTTON

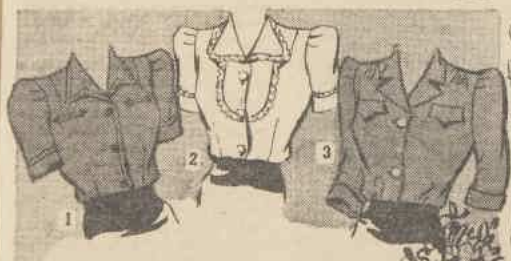
This set comes in Indian muslin, in shades of pink, blue, lemon, green, also white, traced with a field flower design for easy embroidery.

The edge is illustrated with a lace finish. This is not supplied.

The set comprises centre, and two side mats. Price 3/-, plus 3d. postage.

When ordering, please ask for No. 373.

373



Special Concession Pattern

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THREE VERY SMART BLOUSES

Sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust.

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F2305

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F2304

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F2304.—Featuring the new "U" neckline "whip-stitched" with ribbon. Designed for day or night wear. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2305.—Simple New Yorker style for spring and summer wear. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2307.—New and fresh. Bright bias binding at curving yoke and pockets; front skirt panel cut in one piece with bodice. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



F612

F2023



F612.—Smart check coat. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2023.—Short overalls and blouse for the 2 to 8-year-olds. Requires 1½yds. for overalls, and 1½yds., 36ins. wide, for blouse. Pattern, 1/4.

Fashion FROCKS

"NANETTE" smart, useful little frock

No fuss or frills about "NANETTE" but it is the ideal frock for immediate wear.

It features a very plain cut in the bodice with a turn-back shirt-makes sailor, buttoned front, long, slim sleeves, dartsed waistline, and unpressed pleats in the skirt. A slim self-belt defines waistline.

Nanette is available in staple* pure wool in shades of grey, indigo, pale blue, royal, and burgundy. Also in a good flat trape in grey, royal, Argentinian-blue, caileysa-pink, white, navy, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes, 22 and 34in. bust, 55/8 (13 cups); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 59/11 (13 cups), 1/9½ postage.

Cut Out Sizes: Sizes, 22 and 34in. bust, 41/8 (13 cups); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 44/8 (13 cups), 1/9½ postage.

When ordering, please state clearly bust, waist, hips, and full-length measurements.

How to obtain "NANETTE": In N.E.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 1498B3, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.





PREPARING MEALS for servicemen at Methodist Hospitality Centre are Betty Davidson, Mrs. H. Priest, Mrs. J. Aplin, Mrs. E. L. Russell, and Helen Priest.

On and off DUTY.

ONE of people most interested in "American Rhapsody" concert at Town Hall this Friday for American Centre is Miss Audrey Jackson, as she was close friend of late George Gershwin, whose "Rhapsody in Blue" will be played at the concert.

She first met him in London at an after-theatre party on opening night of "The Rainbow," his first London show.

During the time he was in London he wrote the best-known first part of his famous Rhapsody, and many times before he published it Miss Jackson heard him play it at parties in her flat in 1936.

He was a brilliant pianist, and played for preference classical pieces. His ambition was to write purely classical music.

Tickets for concert, which are selling like hot cakes, may be obtained from Palling's, Nicholson's, and the Australia.

MISS B. TILDESLEY, secretary of N.S.W. Women's Voluntary Services, receives enthusiastic letter from London branch of W.V.S., thanking N.S.W. branch for donation of £25 sterling.

"Your gift was spent on purchase of a box tricycle, really an ice-cream cart, which we have converted by fitting it with thermos urn and three dozen mugs.

"In many of our villages pies are cooked in central kitchen, and members pedal out to the fields to workers whose wives can no longer supply robust sandwiches.

"Tricycles are also used in post-raid work, and in a letter from one village we learned that though W.V.S. office was wrecked by a bomb the box tricycle was dug out of the debris, the urn filled, and tea dispensed to casualties and frightened people."

ENGAGEMENT announced, Gloria Letitia, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Callaghan, of Cowra, to Allen Keith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lever, of Kyogle.



A.I.F. WEDDING. Sapper Terence Reilly, A.I.F., and his bride, Sister Frances Latta, A.A.N.S., after their wedding at St. Canice's.



CUTTING WEDDING CAKE are Trooper Anthony Ricketson, A.I.F., and his bride, Lieutenant Betty Alder, A.I.F., with bridesmaid, Margaret Alder, at reception at home of bride's parents.

MRS. W. BUNYAN, of Warrawee, Mossiel, writes to tell me that Ivanhoe-Mossiel Red Cross branch, of which she is secretary, is very proud of its contributions to Red Cross this year. Gross amount of £1347, less £124 expenses, is raised by the branch, which represents a district of under 500 people.

In recent Red Cross Baby competition, branch came fourth in its section, raising £4/8/- per head of population.

MARRIAGE at Waaga Registry Office for Sapper Joan Batty, A.W.A.S., and Sergeant Laurie Robb, A.I.F.

Joan and Laurie meet when former is on duty in country military establishment.

Bride and bridegroom both wear uniform for ceremony.

Joan is younger daughter of Mrs. W. H. Rath, of Port Kembla, and Laurie, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Robb, of Carlton.

DIAMOND ring chosen by Noel Herron and Donald Barkley, who plan to be married in December.

Noel is the younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Lindsay, of Killara, and Donald is the second youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Barkley, of Summer Hill.

PRETTY wedding at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Wollongong, for Sheila Coulson and Pilot-Officer T. O. Mulhearn, R.A.A.F.

Sheila is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Coulson, of Wollongong, and bridegroom is the elder son of Mrs. J. M. Mulhearn, of Strathfield, and the late Mr. Paul Mulhearn, of Huntley's Point.



AT AMERICAN RED CROSS SERVICE CLUB. Voluntary workers in the coca-cola bar, Misses A. Kernahan, G. Wheeler, Blithe Creighton, and Fattie Graham.



DOUBLE ENGAGEMENT. Brenda Bradshaw (left) and her fiancé, Mark Reynolds, and Margaret Hoban and her fiancé, U.S. Lieut. Thomas Adams, whose engagements are announced.



AT THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY of Red Cross Headquarters Younger Set at Legacy Club. (From left) Joan Bryce, Bert Noone, Mrs. John Moore, and Edna Annette.

FILM GUIDE

*** One Of Our Aircraft Is Missing. Enthralling story of six members of a British bomber crew who bail out of their damaged plane in occupied Holland, and are helped by the Dutch to escape. Godfrey Tearle, Eric Portman, Hugh Williams, Bernard Miles, Hugh Burden, and Emrys Jones play the members of the crew, and Hay Petrie is fine as a Dutch burgomaster.—Embassy; showing.

* Once Upon A Honeymoon. With a star team of Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers, this comedy should be a winner, but the script is weak and poorly handled, and the players tackle their roles with a marked lack of enthusiasm. Story features Ginger as a strip-tease dancer who marries one of Hitler's satellites and is rescued by breezy radio reporter, Cary Grant.—Regent; showing.

* Ladies' Day. Dealing with the efforts of a temperamental baseball club to make the grade in the world series, this film has plenty of rollicking action and slapstick comedy.—If you go for that sort of thing, Lupe Velez looks and acts better than in recent "Spitfire" films, and Patsy Kelly and Max Baer provide most of the comedy.—Clivie; showing.

Keep 'Em Slugging. The Dead End Kids in another of the series that is just as unimaginative and unoriginal as usual. To inject a topical note into the theme the boys seek war jobs for the summer vacations. There is a slight, uninspiring romance between Evelyn Ankers and Don Porter, which does little to help things along.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

W.R.A.N. guard of honor at St. Philip's for Petty-Officer R. Ridgatt, R.A.N., and Telegraphist Betty Lamb, Wran.



ON COFFEE MACHINE at American Centre, Lois Maddox and Meg McNece, Centre benefits by concert at Town Hall this Friday.

Movie World

Jinx and Rita give camp concerts

IN private life Columbia stars Jinx Falkenburg and Rita Hayworth are devoted friends and share many common interests, including a tireless round of war work, a love of outdoor life, and a passion for ski-ing. The two girls are starting together for the first time in "Cover Girl."

Both stars are great favorites with the boys in Army camps, and in far-flung outposts glamor photos of Jinx and Rita decorate the walls of their huts.

As soon as she finished work on

"Cover Girl," Jinx went on an extensive entertainment tour of the Army camps, and has just returned to the film colony, exhausted by the continuous round of shows, but very thrilled over the enthusiastic reception given her everywhere.

As Rita Hayworth was scheduled to make "Miss Grant Takes Richmond," co-starring with Melvyn Douglas, she was unable to go on tour, but all her spare time is devoted to entertaining the boys on leave and working several nights a week at the Hollywood canteen.



• TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Jinx Falkenburg won fame as America's most popular photographic model, and now, under contract to Columbia, she is achieving success on the screen.



The W.A.A.F. says—

"It is fun to be out in the sun and wind . . . but it makes one's lips so rough and parched. I take no chances, I use Escapade Lipstick . . . that is why my lips are so smooth and attractive."

Escapade is made from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers.

Made in two sizes.



Escapade

THE THOROUGHbred OF
LIPSTICKS

• LOVELY RITA HAYWORTH started her film career as an extra on a night club set, and is now one of Columbia's top stars. Before the war, Rita was famous for her spectacular frocking, and never appeared more than twice in the same gown. Although the rationing has cut out such extravagances, she still succeeds in being one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood.

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ROMANTIC AIR FORCE STORY



1 LADY STACKHOUSE (Dame May Whitty) is told by her grandson, Peter (John Sutton), that he intends to join the Air Force.



2 ON LEAVE from Thunderbird Airport, Arizona, Peter and friend (Richard Haydn), shopping, meet Kay Saunders (Gene Tierney).



3 ON TRAINING flights Peter is always air-sick. Instructor Steve Britt (Preston Foster) is sympathetic, says he will overcome it.



4 AT PICNIC Peter and Kay begin to fall in love. Kay was formerly in love with Steve Britt, who was friend of Peter's father.



5 AT RANCH RODEO, Steve and officers admire Peter's skill at horse riding.



6 PETER'S last chance. Steve suggests he handle plane as if it were a horse.

"Thunder Birds" in technicolor

AN American air training centre is the background for "Thunder Birds," Twentieth Century-Fox production in technicolor. John Sutton is the hero who is almost scrubbed as a pilot because he is subject to air-sickness. Pretty Gene Tierney is the girl, and strong supporting cast includes Preston Foster, Reginald Denny, and Jack Holt.

Only Good Health Gives Vivacity

AND EVERY WOMAN
WANTS TO BE ADMIRER

The body in health is a marvellous piece of mechanism; but people who eat too much, neglect exercise, and disregard pesty skin, dull eyes, inner stagnation and aches and pains soon become "back numbers."



The science of happiness is in regulating and well-earring for every organ, tissue, and fibre of the body. The trusted way is to "internally bathe" yourself with R.U.R., which contains a most reliable laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrector. Many ailments are removed and avoided by R.U.R. Take R.U.R. and Right You Are! 4/- and 7/6 everywhere.***



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Distinguished American Beauty

Mrs. John Roosevelt, distinguished member of America's First Family, like so many other lovely American women, has for years followed the Pond's beauty ritual. Pond's Cold Cream leaves skin flawlessly clean, while Pond's Vanishing Cream gives invaluable protection against drying and roughening elements. Use Pond's two Creams together as a complete beauty method.



Pond's Cold Cream for soft-smooth cleansing. Pat it in over face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further.

Now wipe off. Your face feels clean as rain, soft as silk.

Pond's Vanishing Cream—a much-loved powder base. Apply lightly before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness—and helps protect against wind and weather, too!



RAVISHING Rita Hayworth

Busier than ever, this adorable star finds time to help the rubber salvage campaign. These hectic days how glad she is of her easy beauty care.



**LUX TOILET SOAP IS A
WONDERFUL
BEAUTY CARE.
IT LEAVES SKIN
SOFTLY SMOOTH.
I USE IT EVERY
DAY.**

Actual statement by Columbia's
RITA HAYWORTH
now starring in
"You Were Never Lovelier"



COSTS SO LITTLE . . . LASTS SO LONG

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Clever new quartet . . .**and so practical, too**

• An excellent way to ally two contrasting pieces of material to make a suit that does not look odd—an edging of the skirt material surrounds the jacket and the two rabbit-ear pockets, and teams them perfectly.

• Lack of zips makes smooth waistlines and side seams difficult to achieve. This dress done in yellow wool crepe overcomes the problem by a half tie sash, also concentrating all the draped fullness to the front.



• Make a brief new top in black and wear it over a grey skirt, which could be the skirt of an old evening dress cut down—and there you have a charming garment for informal evening dates.

• A drawstring waist is the perfect answer to the zip fastener and button difficulty and also makes a belt unnecessary. The tie is of the dress material, the huge pockets are only outlined on top with double stitching—being lined underneath. Do it in a bright woollen.

BUT of course,"

Marcia laughed. John, who considered himself brutally honest, thought bitterly: With one of my best pictures hanging above their heads, they think of me only as the man who wrote that book. I was a good painter, and a nobody, until I wrote a hypocritical book about so-called art.

Abruptly he fled. John didn't suppose he would be seeing Marcia Dunning again for a while. But he did. The next afternoon, at his drawing-table, his brush gave a nervous little jump when her voice spoke from the doorway: "May I come in?"

"Oh, hello," he said. "Sure. That is, of course, come on in." She came over to the table and stood looking down at the design he had been working on.

He walked over to the window. Her car was parked outside the main gate, and the chauffeur was standing on the kerb beside it.

Uncomfortably, she said, "Well, I must be going. I . . . just dropped in for a minute, to see if you were getting along all right."

"Oh. Thanks," he said.

"Well, good-bye," she said brightly. He was surprised when she rapped on his door again the next day. She came in with an air of assurance, like an old friend, and without a glance at the drawing-table, dropped into a chair. "Whew! I'm tired. Give me a cigarette, please," she said.

After a few moments she said: "My good man, you haven't begun to learn how weird things can be when a picture is being made. I remember one time . . ." and she went on to tell him some stories, about picture-making. The sort of stories, grotesque and funny and, in a

way, pitiful, that every newcomer to Hollywood hears with wonder and disbelief.

John prowled restlessly around the room. Suddenly, she bit her lip and said: "I've got to go now."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said. They stood facing each other, smiling, and then—the constraint was there again between them, cold and paralysing.

"It's—it's been nice of you," he said with a thick throat. "The stories were—"

"It was nothing," she said dully. The next afternoon Tony Quimber came up. "Hello, Dawson," he said. "May I sit around here a while?"

"Sure. Go ahead," John said.

When Marcia rapped on the door, Tony was sitting on the davenport, placidly chewing gum.

Coming into the room, Marcia began: "John, I—" Then she saw Tony.

"Hello, kid," he said. "Oh, Tony!" she said. "I didn't know you—"

"Sure," he said. "I just dropped in to get a gander at another typically Dawson mood."

"Well," she said, "I was just . . ." she swallowed. " . . . just going by, and I thought—"

"Sure," Tony said. "Nothing like a Dawson mood, is there?"

Marcia was a good actress.

"What I was about to say, John," she said coolly, "is that in your chapter on symbolism in design, you had a sketch that I thought might be adapted for—"

"Marcia. Wait," Tony said. "Are you saying that you have read John's book?"

"Why, of course."

Can't We Be Friends?

Continued from page 7

"You mean 'Stage Design, As Revaluated from the Cretan Primitive to the Restoration?'" Tony said.

"Y-yes, Tony. Yes."

Unexpectedly, slowly and painfully, Marcia blushed. Tony looked at her for a long time.

"Ah," he said finally. "So that's the trouble."

To John he said:

"You've seen what it's like here. The shrill illusions: remember? It's hard on us all, and to someone in Marcia's position it's tough indeed. She has to uphold her reputation as the screen's most intelligent actress. This leads to fraudulent conduct—but perhaps necessary for studio purposes. To assure her of her place in the industry. Remember, she's spent a lifetime of hard work to achieve it. Personally, I don't think it's worth it, and I question her taste, sometimes—but that's up to her."

"What utter nonsense," Marcia said. "I'm going."

"Wait," Tony said. And to John: "Perhaps the fancied necessity for such public conduct is why she had such a good time with you at your shack on Sunday. Perhaps, also, that's why she was not too pleased to see you at her grand party the other night."

"Tony. You're not witty to-day," Marcia reproved him.

"No," Tony said. "But I can see by your young man's face that much is now suddenly clear to him, and that he is full of humility and charity."

"What I came up here in the first place for, was to tell John that they're building his first set on Sound Stage Seven. Why don't you two run along down there now? It would be good theatre. Never could resist it."

ALL the way across the lot they didn't say anything and they didn't look at each other. On Sound Stage Seven carpenters were working on a rearing framework of timbers. Men carrying ladders and planks jostled them as they went by, and Marcia said: "John, can't we be friends?"

He looked at her, and tried to say something—anything—but his throat closed suddenly.

A little group of tourists was coming towards them with the studio guide. They stood there staring at each other. Marcia's eyes were half laughing, half filled with pain. A woman said: "Say! Isn't that Marcia Dunning?" Then, "Look! Isn't she holding hands with that man? In public, too."

"Sssh, Martha."

"Well! Wouldn't you just expect to see something like that? Hollywood!"

(Copyright)

"P

POOR old Graham got his, sir," he muttered. "Drilled full of holes."

The captain tried for more height but couldn't make it. Susie was only just hobbling along, but with Thompson winged and probably bleeding to death it might be worth having a shot at getting home.

"I want you and Smith to use your broilings," he said crisply to the gunner. "I don't think we'll make it."

Dixon sipped his coffee glumly. "S for Susie" was written off now. Somehow, although it was illogical, he had an odd feeling of guilt. It would have been so much easier about Joyce if Conway had come back. As it was, both would feel pretty badly about things.

It was funny how events had shaped that night. The Strlings were already well on their way to Germany when the evening post had come in. There was a letter from Joyce.

"I've written Jack by this post," she wrote. "I've asked him to give me my freedom. He won't have much trouble supplying me with the evidence." Poor Joyce; how her pride had been hurt! Dixon looked into Conway's cubby-hole in the mess. Sure enough, there was the envelope in Joyce's neat handwriting.

He felt depressed and wished there were someone to talk to. Why hadn't Conway come back, given Joyce her divorce, and left everything nice and tidy? But, then, life was like that; full of loose ends.

Conway drearily watched the dark hedges skidding below. Perhaps he ought to try and land; but he shook off the thought. When the others had baled out he had made up his mind to get to the station if the fuel held out. This was his last operation, and he wasn't going to belly-flop in some dark field! The wounded man might freeze to death before anybody got to them.

Then the clouds seemed to tear ahead of him and he saw a slit of yellowish light. Dawn! And, by George, he was now getting into Frenham, only fifty miles from his station. He'd do it yet.

Suddenly the station slid out of the shadows. The flare patch rushed up at him, and then "Susie" came down with a lurch.

"Just a piece of cake," Conway muttered thickly.

Ten minutes later he was in the operations room staring at Dixon through red-rimmed eyes.

"Decent trip?" queried intelligence.

"Yes. Pranged the station from 3000, but devilish flak."

"Any argument?"

"Well, the observer got his, poor chap, and my second 'dicky' took a tracer in the shoulder. The ambulance people think he'll be okay. I think my starboard wing's written off. Otherwise, just a piece of cake. The landing was a bit ropey, though," he added ruefully.

"Good show," said Dixon. And then something twitched in his brain. "You take it easy for a minute, old boy," he said quickly. "I've got some Scotch in my room. We both need a spot."

Conway sank back into his chair. "Okay, and thanks." He looked surprised.

The intelligence officer went into the mess and took Joyce's letter from her husband's cubby-hole. He slipped it into his pocket and went

The Last Hop

Continued from page 2

to his room for the bottle of Scotch. Conway was dozing when he got back to ops. room but he sat up when the other poured out the whisky. They gulped it down.

"That's better," grinned Conway.

Dixon nodded. Everything was just right now. It all seemed to add up. Conway would be a different man once he came off ops. With any luck he would get an assistant station command, routine work, but steady, safer, more normal. He and Joyce would have a home of

their own at last, together. Watching Conway over the rim of his tumbler he saw him quite differently, as a bloke who had lived on his nerves for three years. Dixon had a hunch that blondes and liquor wouldn't mean nearly as much to Conway once he got clear of the hectic scramble of station life.

He raised his glass. "Here's to the future," he toasted.

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COCOA



Owing to the needs of the Services there is insufficient Bournville Cocoa to meet all civilian requirements. So we ask . . . please let families with kiddies buy any available Bournville Cocoa, the Cocoa with the real chocolatey flavour which is so good for growing children.

Made by CADBURY

EVAN WILLIAMS
Essential hair health!
SHAMPOO.



TO KNIT: sweetest of all little frocks

MATERIALS Required.—4ozs. of Patons 3-ply baby wool; a pair of No. 10 needles; one crochet-hook; and three small buttons.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; P, purl; w.r.n., wool round needle; w.fwd., wool forward; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over; s, slip; tog., together; st., stitches; st.-st., stocking-stitch; alt., alternative.

Measurements.—The length from shoulder to hem, 21 inches; from hem to waist, 12½ inches; from beginning of smocking to arinhole, 3½ inches; and from arinhole to shoulder, 5 inches; length of the sleeve-seam, 4½ inches.

Front and back of frock are worked the same until shaping for arinholes is reached.

TO COMMENCE FROCK

Cast on 182 sts. Knit 11 rows in st.-st., finishing with a plain row.

Now Commence Pattern.—1st Row: K 1, * (w.r.n., p 2 tog.). Repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: K 1, * (k 4, next w.fwd., k 2 tog., then k 3). Repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.

5th Row: Purl.

6th Row: K 1, * (k 2, next k 2 tog., then w.fwd., k 1, next w.fwd., k 2 tog., through back of loops, then k 2). Repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.

7th Row: Purl.

8th Row: K 1, * (k 1, next k 2 tog., then w.fwd., k 3, next w.fwd., k 2 tog., through back of sts., then k 1). Repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.

9th Row: Purl.

10th Row: K 1, * (k 3, next w.fwd., s 1, then k 2 tog., and p.s.s.o., next w.fwd., k 3). Repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.

11th Row: Purl.

12th Row: K 1, * (k 4, next w.fwd., k 2 tog., then k 3). Repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.

13th Row: Purl.

14th Row: Knit.

15th Row: Same as 1st row.

Now work 15 rows in st.-st., finishing with a plain row.

Repeat the 15 fancy pattern rows (1st row to 15th row) once. Then

● Three-year-olds will simply adore this party-like frock. Note the "smocked" waistline, the insertion-like pattern introduced into the skirt and sleeves.

work 62 rows in st.-st., finishing with a purl row.

Commence decreasing for waist as follows: K 8, * (k 3 tog., k 2 tog.). Repeat from * to the last 14 sts., k 3 tog., k 11. (This leaves 84 sts. on needle.)

THE SMOCKED WAISTLINE

1st Row: P 2, * (k 2, p 4). Repeat from * to the last 4 sts., then k 2, p 2.

2nd Row: K 2, * (s 2, k 4). Repeat from * to the last 4 sts., then s 2, k 2.

3rd Row: P 2, * (s 2, p 4). Repeat from * to the last 4 sts., s 2, p 2.

4th Row: * The first two sts. are slipped on to a spare needle and allowed to fall to the back of work, next k 1, and then knit the 2 sts. from spare needle. The next stitch is slipped on to the spare needle and allowed to fall to front of work, next k 2, and then knit the stitch from spare needle. Repeat from * to the end of row.

5th Row: K 1, p 4, * (k 2, p 4). Repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.

6th Row: S 1, k 4, * (s 2, k 4). Repeat from * to the last stitch, s 1.

7th Row: S 1, p 4, * (s 2, p 4). Repeat from * to the last stitch, s 1.

8th Row: * The first stitch is slipped on to the spare needle and allowed to fall to front of work, then k 2, next knit the stitch from spare needle. The next 2 sts. are slipped on to the spare needle and allowed to fall to back of work, next k 1, and then knit the 2 sts. from spare needle. Repeat from * to the end of row.

The eight rows comprise one pattern. Repeat these eight rows twice more (making three times in all).

Now work 15 rows in st.-st.

FRONT OF FROCK

To make arinholes cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next two rows, then k 2 sts. tog., beginning of next six rows. (There should now be 70 sts. on needle.) Work 16 rows of st.-st. and then decrease for the neck by:

k 24, and casting off 22 sts., then k 24. Continue to work in st.-st. knitting 2 tog. at neck edge of every alt. row until 20 sts. are left. Work 9 rows in st.-st., k 13, turn, purl back. Next, k across the 20 sts. Then cast off. The other side of neck is worked the same way, except that when 20 sts. remain only 8 rows of st.-st. are done. Then at neck edge purl 13, turn, k back. Purl across the 20 sts. Cast off.

BACK OF FROCK

To make arinholes cast off 2 sts., twice, then k 2 tog., beginning of next six rows. (There should now be 74 sts. on needle.) Knit 3 rows in st.-st., ending with a plain row. Next purl 34, moss-stitch 4 sts. and turn. (Place other 36 sts. on to spare needle.) Work 4 moss-st. at placket edge of neck, knitting the rest of the stitches in st.-st. for 26 rows. Cast off 12 sts. at neck edge. Then k 2 sts. tog. at neck edge every alt. row until 20 sts. remain. K 13 neck edge, turn, purl back. Next, knit across the 20 sts. Cast off. The other side of the neck at placket edge, centre-back, cast on 4 sts. Moss-st. these 4 sts., and purl across. Complete 3 more rows, and then make a buttonhole.

Make buttonhole as follows: Moss-st. 2 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., and purl across. Make two more buttonholes with 9 rows between. When 3rd buttonhole is completed, cast off 12 sts. at neck edge. Then k 2 tog. at neck edge every alt. row. When 21 sts. remain, k 2 sts. tog. at neck edge, purl to end. K one row, Purl 13 sts., turn, knit back. Purl across the 20 sts. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 56 sts., moss-st., for 10 rows. Work one plain row. Now commence fancy pattern from 1st to 15th row. Then work in st.-st., increasing one stitch at each end of every 7th row until there are 62 sts. on needle. When 24 rows are completed from beginning of st.-st., cast 4 sts. off twice, 3 sts. twice, and then 1 stitch at beginning of every row until 18 sts. remain on needle. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Place a damp cloth over the knitting and press on the wrong side with a warm iron. Sew up shoulder and side seams. Sew up sleeve seams and insert sleeves into frock, gathering fullness in at top. Three double-crochet and 1 picot, or any other fancy stitch, may be worked around bottom of skirt and at neck edge of frock. Sew on buttons at placket edge opposite buttonholes. Work a spray of flowers at neck edge, front of frock.

How to make a maternity belt

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

PROVIDED that muscles are well-toned by general and special abdominal exercises, no support is needed (except that of good muscles) during the pre-natal period.

There are many, however, whose abdominal muscles are lax.

A simple, home-made, uplift maternity belt, with strong shoulder-straps to carry the weight of the heavy abdomen from the shoulder, and with suspenders attached over the hips, gives much comfort and relief from pressure during the latter part of pregnancy.

Instructions for making this belt can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau if a stamped addressed envelope with the request is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

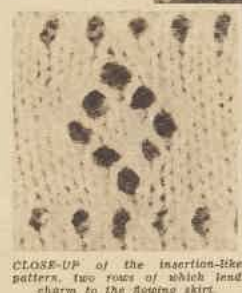
VIM

brings back lustre to pots & pans

CLEANS SMOOTHLY



ABOVE you see a close-up of the smocking stitch which decorates waistline and sleeves of this frock.



CLOSE-UP of the insertion-like pattern, two rows of which lend charm to the floating skirt.

THIS LITTLE AUSTRALIAN is two years and nine months of age. She is very well developed, and the frock fits her beautifully. Only four ounces of baby wool (2 coupons) is required. The yoke can be finished with wool embroidery.

Asthma Curbed in 3 Minutes

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician sufferers can get relief from Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 3 tasteful tablets with meals and Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 10 minutes. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. When their vigour returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) Removes the mucus or phlegm. (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs. (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort, and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. K. writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 10lbs. in

weight, suffered coughing every night—couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 35 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. O. E. C. writes: "It takes the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 33 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

RELIEVES ASTHMA

Mendaco

Now in 2 sizes . . . 6/- and 12/-.

A POINT ABOUT HANDKERCHIEFS

Handkerchiefs should wear well, keep their colour, launder perfectly . . . and NILE handkerchiefs do!

NILE HANDKERCHIEFS

Made by the Makers of Nile Athletic Singlets and Underpants

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"IT'S T-TOO LATE NOW . . . MY FEELINGS ARE GOOD AND HURT!"

"YOU NEEDN'T TRY that old patty-cake routine, Mommy—my mind's made up. Not one more nap will I take."

"I shut one eye and out you go for fun. I heard the car start up—oh, yes I did! You had a lovely drive—I had a nap!"

"... Stop wagging that woolly dog at me. I'm out of sorts."

"Now look—I'm getting red and prickly! This puffing's got me overheated. Hey—where you going?"

"... Oh—Johnson's Baby Powder! Hmm—well, maybe I might sit on your lap temporarily. Until I've had a sprinkle and . . . Aaaaah! That silky, soothy powder is nice. So cool and comforting!"

"What—no more? But, Mommy, you can't stop here! . . . Oh—your feelings are hurt now. The things I said—"

"Well, I'll give you a big kiss. You give me some more of that lovely Johnson's. And we'll both be happy!"

"Nothing keeps a baby quite so joyful as regular rubs with Johnson's Baby Powder! It's inexpensive, too!"

J.P.B.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Seven dinners for the family

Purpose of this page is to convince you that meal-planning, despite rationing and shortages, is not a hard job. In each of the seven menus featured at right, are included the foundation foods. Recipes for many of the suggested dishes are also given.

By OLWEN FRANCIS Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

I WOULD like you to study the menu "yardstick" in the panel at foot of page.

Better still, cut it out and keep it by you for ready reference when planning your menus.

I am continuously experimenting with recipes to meet the needs of the day, and suggest you file the recipes that appear each week, labelling with a star those that make a hit with the family.

Keep on your desk or on the back of the kitchen door a weekly menu sheet, jotting down ideas as they pop into your mind, or as

the family ask for their favorites. Shopping will give you ideas, of course, so don't have too cut-and-dried a shopping list.

Plan ahead, but be prepared for new ideas.

CHINESE PINEAPPLE PIE

Two cooking apples (medium size), 1 cup diced pineapple, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon of spice (nutmeg, cinnamon, or mixed), 2 or 3 mint leaves, 1½ teaspoon of salt, 1 tablespoon melted margarine, 6oz. shortcrust pastry.

Line a pie plate with half pastry. Combine grated apple, pineapple (cubed), sugar, salt, spice, and melted margarine, and mint leaves. Pile into pie plate. Cover with remaining pastry. Slit a two-inch cross in top and fold back cut edges. Glaze pastry and bake in a hot oven (425deg. F.) for 15 minutes, and then reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F.), and cook a further 15 minutes.

This pie can be served hot or cold.

SAVORY CRUMB CUTLETS

Six mutton cutlets, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped bacon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, milk, flour.

Rub cutlets with seasoned flour. If meat seems tough, rub first with vinegar or lemon juice and stand one hour. Combine crumbs, onion, and bacon. Dip cutlets in milk and then in crumbs. Firm crumbs with flat of knife. Place on greased tray, cover with greased paper, and bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes.

FRANKFURTER AND CABBAGE CASSEROLE

Four frankfurter sausages, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon dripping or margarine, 3 cups shredded green cabbage, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ cup cooked macaroni, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, pepper, salt, mustard (if any).

Halve frankfurter sausages lengthwise and then crosswise. Lightly fry onion in fat. Add cabbage, cover, and steam for 3 minutes. Stir in flour, pepper, salt, and about ½ teaspoon mustard. Slowly stir in milk and cook until thickened. Add frankfurters, macaroni, and parsley. Pour into a casserole. Top with crumbs, and dot lightly with dripping or margarine. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 15 minutes.

SLASHED BROWN STEAK

One and a half pounds topside, skirt, or flank steak, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard (if any), 1 tablespoon chopped mint, pepper and salt.

Beat steak and, with a sharp knife, make 1-inch incisions at every inch or two on steak. Rub with pepper, salt, mustard, and mint on both sides, and sprinkle liberally with vinegar. Stand for an hour or two and then, in one or two pieces, brown well in hot fat in frying-pan. Place on a greased oven dish such as a tin plate. Sprinkle again with vinegar, cover with another dish, and place in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) and cook for 30 minutes. Will be deliciously tender.

SEVEN DINNER MENUS

No. 1

Syrian Stew
Parsley Potatoes Grated Carrot
Apple Cobbler

No. 2

Irish Stew
Tomato Dumplings
Shredded Cabbage
Mary Jane Gingerbread

No. 3

Hamburger Meat Loaf
Glazed Onions Creamed Potatoes
Side Salad
Chinese Pineapple Pie

No. 4

Frankfurter and Cabbage Casserole
Radish and Onion Salad
Coffee Jelly Cream
With Finger Biscuits

No. 5

Savory Crumb Cutlets
Potato Capped Tomatoes
Carrot and Parsnip Medley
Fluffy Top Rhubarb Pie

No. 6

Slashed Brown Steak
Browned Potato Slices Onions
Hot Coleslaw
Lemon Cream Pie

No. 7

Rollad Flank Steak
Cheesed Potato
Ten-minute Cabbage Wedges
Butterscotch Crumb Pudding

MENU YARDSTICK . . .

HERE are the seven basic food groups. Some food must be eaten from each group every day in order to maintain normal health.

- 1.—Green and yellow vegetables — some raw, some cooked.
- 2.—Oranges, tomatoes, or salad greens or raw cabbage.
- 3.—Potatoes and other vegetables and fruits — raw or cooked.
- 4.—Meat, poultry, fish, or eggs, or dried beans, peas, or nuts.
- 5.—Milk and milk products — fresh or dried.
- 6.—Bread, cereals, or flour — white or wholemeal.
- 7.—Butter or margarine.

In addition to food chosen from each of these groups, satisfy the appetite with any foods.

A SIMPLE MENU, easy to prepare, attractive to the eye, and measuring up well with the menu "yardstick"—crumbed cutlets, potato capped tomatoes, carrots and parsnips, and a hearty, delicious fruit pie.

SYRIAN STEW

Two cups raw mutton, cut into approximately one-inch dice, 1 tablespoon dripping, 2 onions, 2 tomatoes, 2 cups broad beans, flour, pepper and salt.

Dredge meat well with flour and brown in heated fat. Add sliced onions and enough water to cover, and cover tightly and simmer for 1½ hours. Add tomatoes (quartered) and beans, and cook for a further 15 minutes. Season to taste. Serve piping hot.

MARY JANE GINGERBREAD

Two ounces margarine, ½ cup sugar, preferably brown, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons treacle or golden syrup, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 cup boiling water.

Cream sugar, margarine, and treacle. Add beaten egg and then flour, sifted with soda, spice, and a pinch of salt. Mix well, and lastly stir in ½ cup boiling water. Bake in a greased loaf tin in a moderately hot oven (400deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. This is delicious served hot with sliced banana, topped with a spoonful of custard.

COFFEE JELLY CREAM

One tablespoon gelatine, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups milk coffee.

Soak the gelatine in cold water, and then stir in boiling water, stirring until dissolved. Add the coffee and sugar. Chill. When nearly set, whisk well to a cream. Serve with chocolate-flavored finger biscuits.

APPLE COBBLER

One cup grated apple, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 dessertspoon melted margarine, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon butter or margarine, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Combine apple, syrup, melted margarine, and spice, and place in a greased sponge sandwich tin. Sift flour, rub in butter or margarine, add sugar, and mix with beaten egg and enough milk to make a soft dough. Knead lightly, press to round to fit sandwich tray. Cut across into triangles, and fit over apple. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Serve hot.





SPECIALIZED MEDICATION FOR HEAD-COLD MISERY

Just put a few drops of Vicks Vapo-Rol up each nostril. Spreading over the troubled area, it (1) relieves irritation, (2) shrinks swollen membranes, (3) helps to clear away clogging mucus and make breathing easier.

A FEW DROPS UP EACH NOSTRIL
VICKS VAPO-ROL

CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE



Enjoy that foot-tlingling rhyt in those popular melodies. The latest Jaza and Screen Hits.

Play the

Banjo Mandolin

or
* Steel Guitar
* Piano Accordion
* Spanish Guitar
* Banjo Ukelele
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* Clarinet
* Mouth Organ
* Saxophone
* Piano
* Violin

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Small deposits and weekly payments to any part of Australia. ALL FREIGHT IS PAID. Write for your FREE CATALOGUE and details of lessons. Mention the instrument you favour.

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WANTED! 100 used Guitars and Banjo-Mandolins. Get up to £10 cash for your old instrument. Any condition—anywhere. We also give up to £40 for Piano Accordions and Saxophones. Write for free valuation to the above address.

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to
DERMATOPATHIC INSTITUTE,
271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.I. 10022.

Cookies and cakes capture prizes

● Make the honey and nut cookies and send some to the boys.

THESE cookies keep well if carefully packed between layers of paper cut into strips. See that the tin is airtight before mailing.

Austerity fruit cake should also keep well if packed in an airtight tin.

The other cakes and fruit sandwich bread, also consolation prize winners in this week's recipe contest, will be enjoyed at your own table.

HONEY COOKIES (Eggless and butterless)

Three and a quarter cups flour, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 grated rind of fresh lemon, 1 tablespoon chopped citron peel or orange and lemon mixed, pinch cinnamon, 9 tablespoons honey, 4 tablespoons chopped almonds or any nuts, 1 level teaspoon nutmeg, 1 heaped teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Warm honey in a large basin until it will run freely, then add flour. Stir well, and add all other ingredients, keeping bowl in a warm place (1 stand it in a basin of warm water). Work to a smooth paste. Roll out on a floured board to 1-inch thickness. Cut in round or fancy shapes and cook in moderate oven until browned. May be iced, if liked. These keep well in an airtight tin.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Little, 9 Walton Ave., West Hobart, Tas.

FRUIT SANDWICH BREAD

Two cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1 cup melted shortening, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar together. Stir in coarsely chopped nuts, chopped dates, and orange rind. Beat the egg, add milk, orange juice, melted shortening, and mix thoroughly.

Add liquid ingredients to the flour mixture, stirring only until flour is moistened. Pour into greased loaf-pan. Bake 1 hour in a slow oven. This will make a one-pound loaf.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Locke, Harmony, East Richmond Park, Gordon, N.S.W.

AUSTERITY FRUIT CAKE (Without butter)

Eight ounces clarified beef dripping, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons coffee essence, packet mixed fruit, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1½ cups plain flour, 1



BREAD SEASONINGS give variety to rolled steaks or boned lamb. In addition, they go further and are, therefore, more economical. Bake or braise slowly and serve hot with vegetables or cold with salad.

cup brown sugar, 3 dessertspoons golden syrup, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon.

Cream dripping, sugar, and golden syrup well, add beaten eggs gradually, then coffee essence, lastly sifted flour and prepared fruits alternately, mixing evenly.

Bake in seven-inch round cake-tin, lined with three thicknesses of paper. Place in centre of hot oven. Lessen heat, and allow to cook slowly from 2½ to 3 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. J. Hawkins, 41 Balmmain St., Braddon, Canberra, A.C.T.

WHOLEMEAL GINGER CAKE (Eggless)

Eight ounces plain wholemeal flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon carb. soda, 1 level teaspoon ground ginger, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. dripping, 2 tablespoons honey, milk to mix, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 3oz. raisins or sultanas.

Mix thoroughly flour, salt, soda, ginger. Rub in fat, add sugar and fruit.

Mix to a very soft consistency with honey and the milk. At the last moment stir in vinegar quickly, pour into a shallow greased tin, and bake about 1 hour. The plain flour is used as the vinegar and soda will cause the cake to rise.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. McIvor, 22 Reynell St., West Croydon, S.A.

GARDENING NEWS

CARROTS, parsnips, swedes, and turnips will last for a considerable time after lifting if stored in damp sand and in a cool room.

TO protect young fruit trees from hares, paint the trunks with a mixture of 1oz. bitter aloes, 1lb. common soap, 1 gallon of water. Boil the ingredients for 20 minutes, and apply with a brush or swab.

SLUGS and snails can be controlled in the garden

by mixing 1oz. calcium arsenate with 1lb. of bran, and just enough water to make a crumbly mash. Scatter the bait round at dusk.

PLANT sprouted chokoes now for a crop about March. The plants usually take about two years to reach full bearing. A northerly aspect, well protected from the west, is best.

COAL and coke ashes have no fertiliser value whatever. Wood ash contains from 2 to 7 per cent. potash, some lime and magnesia, and is therefore useful as a fertiliser for flowers and vegetables.



HILL THE SOIL up to the under leaves of cabbages. If necessary, fill in "valleys" with rich soil.

GRUBS and adults of the brown vegetable weevil can be killed by spraying loose leaves of lettuce, cabbage, or cauliflower with arsenate of lead, and dropping them between rows of infested plants.

—Our Home Gardener.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

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2/- a jar. Also in 50¢ jars. At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Fauch & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

SKIN HEALTH

The unrivalled germ killing action of Cuticura Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festering and gathering all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

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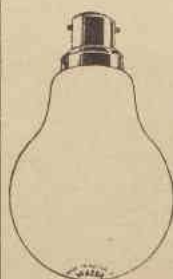


Is there a MAZDA in the house?

Is he mad about something? You're right, he is. He had figured on spending a nice quiet evening in bed with a good book. That's what he thought! But how could he read in that light? "Miss," he roars: "Haven't you ever heard of 'MAZDA' LAMPS?"

WARTIME MORAL

By all means don't waste light but have sufficient to avoid eyestrain. Use correct size MAZDA electric light bulbs in proper fittings. You'll get all the light you pay for and save your sight. Mazda Lamps stay brighter longer.



MAZDA
ELECTRIC LAMPS

They Stay Brighter Longer

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Limited, distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England

SOLD BY ELECTRICAL AND HARDWARE STORES AND BY ALL COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.

I Hope My Wife saw this Announcement!



Good-bye to Old-Fashioned Flour Raisers

Release of limited supplies of the world-famous **A&W** PURE FOOD PHOSPHATES will meet with a heart-felt "Thank Goodness" from Australian housewives. In England, Canada, and to a large extent in the United States, **A&W** FOOD PHOSPHATES have for years practically superseded all old-fashioned self-raising ingredients. Self-raising flour and baking powder made with **A&W** FOOD PHOSPHATES ensure 100% success for your baking*. But more important, they supply those life-giving highly nutritious phosphates, so essential for bone building, pure blood and all-round family health. Remember! There is NO SUBSTITUTE for **A&W** FOOD PHOSPHATES. Thus, when ordering flour from your storekeeper in the near future, be sure to look at the packet top for the **A&W** seal shown below. Besides its many other advantages you will find that **A&W** FOOD PHOSPHATES are also more economical than old-fashioned ingredients.

A & W FOOD PHOSPHATES The pure self-raiser and flour enricher



Listen to Professor W.A. Osborne

Special on "NUTRITION AND THE FAMILY"

11.30 Sydney 10.15 a.m. 8.45 Adelaide 10.15 a.m.
1.30 Melbourne 10.15 a.m. 9.45 Perth 10.15 a.m.
1.30 Melbourne 10.15 a.m. 2.15 Hobart 10.30 a.m.
8.45 Brisbane 11.45 a.m. 7.45 Launceston 9.45 a.m.
(Tuesday 10.15 a.m. inclusive)



* Many housewives prefer to mix their own raising material. Enquire at your grocer or store about "ANTELOPE"

ALBRIGHT & WILSON (AUSTRALIA)
PTY. LTD.

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